THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

——NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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Miscellany.

THE LOST VOYAGERS OF THE PACIFIC.

Among the recent English publications is Capt. Beecny's Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits." This voyage, our readers may remember, was undertaken by order of the Government in 1825, with the purpose of meeting the Polar expeditions of Capt. Parry or Capt. Franklin, should the attempt, either by land or sea, to reach the rendezvous of the Blossom prove successful. The design failed; but Capt. B's opportunities for personal observations were not neglected, and a quarto volume of near 750 pages is the result. We transfer to the Atlas a deeply interesting account of a daring enterprise of some of the South Sea Islanders, whom Capt. B. fell in with at Byam Martin Island, 600 miles distant from Otaheite.

"Tuwarri was a native of one of the low coral formations discovered by Capt. Cook in his first voyage, called Anaa by the natives, and by him named Chain Island, situated about two hundred miles to the eastward of Otaheite, to which it is tributary. About the period of the commencement of his misfortunes, old Pomarree, the king of Otaheite, died, and was succeeded by his son, then a child. On the accession of this boy, several chiefs and commoners of Chain Island, among whom was Tuwarri, planned a voyage to Otaheite, to pay a visite of ceremony and of homage to their new sovereign. The only conveyance these people could command was double canoes, three of which, of the largest class, were prepared for the occasion. To a people accustomed to navigate the seas in ships of many tons burthen, provided with a compass and the necessary instruments to determine our position, a canoe with only the stars for her guidance, and destined to a place whose situation could be at the best but approximately known, appears so frail and unsafe a conveyance, that we may wonder how any persons could be found sufficiently reckless to hazard the undertaking. They knew, however, that similar voyages had been successfully performed, not only to mountainous islands to leeward, but to some that were merely six feet above the water, and were situated, in the opposite direction; and as no fears attended the present undertaking, no unusual fears were entertained. The canoes being accordingly prepared, and duly furnished with all that was considered necessary, the persons intending to proceed on this expedition were embarked, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty souls. What was the arrangement of the other two canoes is unknown to us; but in Tuwarri's there were twenty three men, fifteen women, and ten children, and a supply of water and provision calculated to last three weeks. On the day of departure all the natives assembled on the beach to take leave of our adventurers; the canoes were placed with scrupulous exactness in the supposed direction, which was indicated by certain marks upon the land, and then launched into the sea, amidst the good wishes and adieus of their countrymen. With a fair wind and full sail they glided rapidly over the ocean, without a thought of the posibility of the miseries to which they were afterwards exposed. It happened, unfortunately that the monsoon that year began earlier than was expected, and blew with great violence; many days were, notwithstanding, passed unfavorable circumstances, and the adventurers began to look for the high land of Maiao, an island between Chain Island and Otaheite, and to anticipate the pleasures which the successful termination of their voyage would afford them; when their progress was delayed by a calm, the precursor of a storm, which rose suddenly from an unfavourable quarter, dispersed the canoes, and drove them away before it. In this manner they drifted for several days; but on the return of fine weather, having a fortnight's provisions remaining, they again resolutely sought their destination; but a second gale drove them still farther back than the first, and lasted so long, that they became exhaused. Thus many days were passed; their distance from home hourly increasing; the sea continually breaking over the canoe, to the great discomfort of the women and children; and their stock of provision dwindled to the last extremity. A long calm, and, what was to them even worse, hot dry weather, succeeded the tempest, and drove them to a state of despair. From the description, we may imagine their canoe alone and becalmed on the ocean; the crew, perishing with thirst, beneath the fierce glare of a tropical sun, hanging exhausted over their paddles; children looking to their parents for support, and mothers deploring their inability to afford them assistance. Every means of quenching their thirst were resorted to; some drank the sea water, and others bathed in it, or poured over their heads; but the absence of fresh water in the torrid zone cannot be compensated by such substitutes. Day after day, those who were able extended their gourds to heaven in supplication for rain, and repeated their prayers—but in vain; the fleecy cloud floating high in the air, indicated only an extension of their sufferings: distress in it most aggravated form, had, at length, reached its height, and seventeen persons fell victims to its horrors. The situation of those who remained may readily be imagined, though their fate would never have been known to us, had not Providence at this critical moment wrought a change in their favour. The sky, which for some time had been perfectly serene, assumed an aspect which at any other period would have filled our sufferers with apprehension; but, on the present occasion, the tropical storm, as it approached, was hailed with thankfulness, and welcomed as their deliverer. All who were able came upon the deck with blankets, gourds, and cocoanut shells, and extended them towards the black cloud, as it approached, pouring down torrents of rain, of which every drop was of incalculable value to the sufferers; they drank copiously and thankfully, and filled every vessel with the precious element. Thus recruited, hope revived; but the absence of food again plunged them into the deepest despair. We need not relate the dreadful alternative to which they had recourse until several large sharks rose to the surface and followed the canoe; Tuwarri, by breaking of the head of an iron scraper, formed it into a hook, and succeeded in catching one of them, which was instantly substituted for the revolting banquet which had hitherto sustained life. Thus refreshed, they again worked at their paddles, or spread their sail, and were not long before their exertions were rapaid with the joyful sight of land, on which clusters of cocoa-nuts crowned the heads of several tufts of palm-trees: they hurried through the surf, and soon reached the much wished-for spot, but being too feeble to ascend the lofty trees, were obliged to fell one of them with an axe. On traversing the island to which Providence had thus conducted them, they discovered by several canoes in the lagoon, and pathways intersecting the woods, that it had been previously inhabited; and knowing a greater part of the natives of the low islands to be cannibals, they determined to remain no longer upon it than was absolutely necessary to recruit their strength, imagining that the islanders, when they did return, would not rest satisfied with merely dispossessing them of their asylum. It was necessary, while they were allowed to remain, to seek shelter from the weather, and to exert themselves in procuring a supply of provision for their further voyage; huts were consequently built, pools dug for water, and three canoes added to those which were found in the lake. Their situation by these means was rendered tolerable comfortable, and they not only provided themselves with necessaries sufficient for daily consumption, but were able to dry and lay by a considerable quantity of fish for sea stock. After a time, finding themselves undisturbed, they gained confidence, and deferred their departure till thirteen months had elapsed from the time of their landing—at the expiration of which period, being in good bodily health and supplied with necessaries for their voyage, they again launched upon the ocean in quest of home. They steered two days and two nights to the north-west, and then fell in with a small island upon which, as it appeared to be uninhabited, they landed and remained three days, and then resumed their voyage. After a run of a day and a night they came in sight of another uninhabited island. In their attempt to land upon it, their canoe was unfortunately stove, but all the party got safe on shore. The damage which the vessel had sustained requiring several weeks to repair, they established themselves upon this island, and again commenced storing up provisions for their voyage. Eight months had already passed in these occupations, when we unexpectedly found them encamped upon Byam Martin Island, with their canoe repaired, and all the necessary stores provided for their next expedition. The other two canoes were never heard of."

FAMILY SCENES.

It is not difficult to trace out the true origin of fifty vices, which when full grown, are unceremoniously set down to the account of original sin.

Romping Sally runs against the corner of the table, raises a bump on her head, and of course begins to cry lustily. The mother comes to her assistance.

"Did it hurt its pretty head? What was it hurt my Sally?"

The sobbing child points to the table.

"Was it the table? naughty table! Beat it well."

Slap! slap! on the offending table.

"That will teach it to hurt my Sal another time. Beat the naughty table again. It sha'nt hurt my Sally."

In the meantime Sally's contusion has become less painful, the red eyes are dried, and the child is pacified—at the expense of a practical lesson in *revenge*.

When Miss Sally, fifteen years afterwards, throws the blame of every mischance or misfortune which her own clumsiness or folly has caused, upon her companions and dependants, simply because she must still have a table to beat, then her ill-humor is most logically attributed to the depravity and innate wickedness of the human heart.

The mother's pet, Tommy, has been playing all morning with his new toys; has broken up his drum to see what was inside of it, and tost his penny trumpet and his windmill into a corner; and now he comes crying to his parent, tired of his play and his playthings, and expects her to spend her time in inventing new amusements for him.

"No, I'm busy. The clothes have just come in from the washing, and I must put them away. I can't play with you today, Tommy; indeed I can't."

But Tommy knows better. He has been told fifty times before, that his mother was busy and could not attend to him, and he remembered well, that a little teazing gained him the victory. Like a good general, he tries the same manœuvre again.

"Come and play with me, Ma! I don't know what to do. I can't play alone, and Dick won't be home from school till two o'clock."

A fresh denial provokes a second fit of crying, and Tommy's perseverance triumphs. His mother plays at hare and hound with him, makes a cat's cradle for him, tells him ghost stories, and mends his drum, till the clock strikes two. The father comes home, sees no dinner ready, looks for his wife and finds her at the napery press. "My dear, how is every thing so late to-day?"

"Oh, that teasing Tommy would have me play with him this whole, live-long morning; and I have not been able to do a thing since breakfast."

Thus a petted child's whims are allowed to derange the economy of a whole family; and the good mother never dreams that she is bringing up her favorite to be a selfish, self-important being: a burden to himself, and a plague to society.

Even the odious vice of lying is most unconsciously but most effectually, inculcated by the weakness and inconsistency of parents.

"Frank, you shall not go outside the garden wall again, to play with these dirty boys in the street. I have told you fifty times I would not have it; and I won't. If you ever go again without my leave, I'll never speak to you afterwards. I'll sell you to the gypsies, and they may do what they like with you."

They say man would leap over the wall of a paradise, even though it were surrounded by a desert. At any rate, Frank does not choose to be cooped up; so he leaps the garden wall next day, and is the merriest and the noisiest amongst his rough companions.

His mother finds him. Does she cease all intercourse with her own child, as she promised? Does she sell him to the gypsies, as she said she would?

Yet she expects him, when he grows up, to consider his word, once given sacred and inviolable. If she detects him in a lie, she wonders how on earth he learnt such wickedness; and were you to suggest that her own example, (at all times more powerful with children than precept) was the cause, 'twould be considered an insult never to be forgiven.

No wonder that a man's word goes for so little in this world, and that we must have oaths and pledges upon all occasions. The best friends the lawyers have are ignorant mothers. They bring them more business than all other causes put together.—*N. Y. Free Enquirer.*

THEATRICALS.

(From the New York Mirror.)

BOSTON, April, 1831.

It must be confessed that a stranger coming into our city without acquaintances, or letters that would make them, must be in a very uncomfortable situation in respect to amusements. There are absolutely no public places of habitual and fashionable resort. The gallery of the Athenæum exhibition of paintings is crowded with b auty a week or two in the summer; and our promenade place, Washington street, for a couple of hours every fair day, is very proper for loungers and ladies. There are occasional concerts during the winter, that attract genteel audiences! and, once in a twelvemonth, some distinguished singer or tragedian may fill the boxes of the theatre. This absence of public amusement is accounted for, and in some measure compensated by the nature of our private society, and the number of balls, parties, and lectures which comfortably occupy the whole compass of the week.

You, of course, know that there is now but one theatre open in our puritanical city. The old establishment in Federal street, that has witnessed the best acting of Cooke, Cooper, Fennell, the elder Kean, and Macready, has been obliged to yield to its younger and more showy rival. A year or two since, when it was first closed, there were propositions to convert it into a lecture-room; and subsequently, serious speculations on the practicability of turning it into a church.—Both these plans, failed, however; and during the present season it has been beautifully fitted up for an assembly or ball room. The Cadet company were the first who danced in it since its transformation; and two or three quadrille parties have succeeded them. It is very pretily arranged, and well adapted for such occasions, though we cannot look upon such a profanation of a temple of the drama without regret. It reminded us of the passage in Johnson's prologue, spoken by Garrick at the opening of the Drury-lane theatre:

"Perhaps where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, for who can guess the effects of chance,
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance."

The Tremont theatre was taken early last fall by its present manager, Mr. Russell, who had been previously playing at New Orleans. It was opened with a strong company, and every effort made to deserve success. It lagged along some time after with the stock performers, with small houses, and consequently very meagre profits. Mr. Hackett was engaged for a few nights, and drew, if we remember rightly, some very respectable audiences. Mr. Forrest played *Metamora* to full boxes; and other characters, we are sorry to say, to very indifferent ones. Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. Cooper, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, appeared and disappeared with but a beggarly account for their own purses, or the pockets of our enterprising manager. Young Kean sometimes drew a full house—but seldom. Madame Feron played a week or two to the walls, and on her benefit night to quite the fullest and most fashionable assembly that had as yet honored the house during the season. Theatrical matters were looking very dull. The clergy had fulminated from the pulpit, and lightened from the press. Shares could be bought low. The members of the *corps dramatique* behind the scenes were more numerous than their auditors before them. The manager looked very dejected in public, and had reason to scold very hard in private; and the players, we presume, were getting hoarse and sulky from the mortification of being obliged to talk to empty benches. It was foretold that the drama had suffered a total and perpetual eclipse.

You have all heard from the papers what little Burke did, in spite of the opposition.—On the first evening of his appearance there were one or two fashionable parties, and places were to be had in good boxes till a late hour in the performance. There were no broken heads caught in fighting for tickets. The next morning, however, saw quite another sight. The box-office was besieged from an early hour by stout Irishmen and sturdy Africans; and hundreds were obliged to go away disappointed, who were unwilling to venture their tender bodies in the no-person-respecting crowd. The house was filled in every corner with all the beauty of Boston and the vicinity; and so it continued to be during the whole of the boy's stay with us; and so it probably would have been if he had remained a month longer. But Burke went, and the theatricals went with him; and after a considerable absence have but just returned to our metropolis.

What will be their present reception is a great deal more than I will undertake to prophesy; what Mr. Russell and his very excellent company deserve, is a point to be settled much more easily. The remainder of this letter, and the whole of another, may be not unsuitably devoted to the more prominent actors now on the Boston stage. I should despatch them in a much more summary manner were it not a fact that there is a good deal of talent and merit among them; and that it is easier to praise or criticize at a distance, than to praise or critioize near at home.

Mr. Finn, I suppose, is entitled to the first notice, as an old favourite, an inimitable actor, and a most worthy man. Some years ago he played in tragedy here, and within a few months, I believe, he has appeared in this line in some of the southern cities. To any one who has seen him in his farce or comedy, such an idea must be at once exceedingly ludicrous. The thought of turning the face of Dr. Pangloss or Beau Shatterly into that of Lear or Hamlet, though it may answer with some countenances, will not do with that of Mr. Finn. We should of course see at once that it was all humbug; and, like Letitia Hardy, refuse to be "come over with his *flim-flams*." There is, probably, no actor in the country who understands the details of his profession better than Finn. Being something of a scholar, he is familiar with the written as well as the acted drama, and with the lives of the most celebrated performers and dramatists who have flourished since the invention of the art. Having visited England, and of course profited by his visit, he has had opportunities of seeing the best examples, and availing himself of all the hints he could collect from them. He has studied costume and character, is perfectly familiar with all the stage-trick and business, and knows how to use them to the best advantage. Add to all this, a mind delicately observant of the ludicrous, and a face that can catch and express the utmost of grotesque humor, and you can easily understand why Mr. Finn is so admirable in his line of character. He has written some plays, and dramatized a novel or so; and one of his melo-dramas was published here, and performed a good many times. If we remember correctly, it possessed in some parts considerable poetical merit, as well as some broad humor. He has written also a good many convivial songs for public occasions, abounding in bad puns and worse rhymes, which were exceedingly paltry, and for which, we hope and believe, he is now heartily ashamed. At any rate, he ought to be ashamed of them, and will be some time or other, if he is not now. During the last Christmas and new-year holidays Mr. Finn, in conjunction with the caricaturist Johnson, published a comic annual, which we thought quite flat, till we saw the English abortions of the same description. These last effusions certainly eclipse it in point of stupidity, (and this is saying a great deal,) being the dullest abominations that ever disgraced the press. We see that the publishers of the American Comic Annual have issued an advertisement, inviting communications for their next number, which they promise shall be got up in all respects with greater care and excellence. We dare say that Mr. Finn, with his usual sense and tact, will correct the most glaring faults of the last, and send into the world a work worthy of himself, his fellow-humorist, and the patronage of the public.

Mr. Finn enjoys the most unexceptionable private character, and his society is a good deal courted on occasions of public and private conviviality. He abounds in humor and good nature, is full of anecdote and fun, sings a good song, and is very apt to keep the table in a roar. We will wish him many years of life to laugh and to cause laughter, and with the wish conclude our present epistle.

P. Q.

THE WILL AND THE LAW SUIT.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BAR.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DUCK, of Duck hall, was one of the most downright, hearty, and thorough-going patriots that ever mounted a table and spouted about freedom at a ward meeting.

"Liberty," said he, "consists in law.—We are not governed by men, but principles. Beshrew those false-hearted knaves who deny the perfectability of human governments! They are common slanderers of human nature. It is as plain as a pipe-stem," (although Mr. Duck had not been through college, he cherished a natural taste for classical allusions,) "it is as plain as a pipe stem that a constiution may be constructed philosophically, and laws may be enacted so as to diffuse justice uniformly and universally. Why look you now," continued he to his uncle Peter Crane, "look you, uncle, what can be more perfect than our present form of government? Our senate is a check upon our house of representatives—our house of representatives is a check upon our senate—the president is a check upon both of them, and both of them are checks upon him. By such a legislature, assisted by the states, no laws can be passed but such as are indubitably for the good of the people; and when passed, what an admirable institution are our courts of justice, where learned connsel on each side show the question in all its bearings, and leave it for judge and jury to decide upon after careful examination."

This Mr. Peter Crane was a famous hand for horses. After immense preparations to gain the purse offered at the races just then ensuing, he was prevented from participating in his usual amusement by an unpleasant accident. He 'died one day' of an apoplectic fit, and left a will, for the drawing of which he had paid twenty-five dollars to his friend, Timothy Fifa, Esq. attorney and counsellor at law, commissioner of deeds, notary public, solicitor in chancery, corporation attorney, and notary to the 'Yorkville New York Washington United States Cahawba Agricultural Bank."

It is reported that Mr. Crane had originally drawn his own will; and being a plain man, and not anticipating any trouble touching the disposition of his estate after he should be gathered to his fathers, had just declared in ordinary English, and in the presence of competent witnesses, that he bequeathed so and so to such and such a person.

Timothy Fifa, Esq. attorney and counsellor, commissioner, and so forth, as aforesaid, dropped in accidently and directed this fraudulent proceeding against the interest of the profession. When he perceived what they were at, he rested his chin on the top of his cane, then fixed his eyes full upon the testator, and informed him that the phraseology of the document would invalidate the claims of his heirs.

"Lawyers," said he, "are sharp-eyed people; they'll detect a quibble and ruin the business. I'll prepare a substitute, which shall puzzle the whole fraternity."

The substitute which was to puzzle the whole fraternity, to use the language of Mr. Duck, of Duck hall, "contained the following *clause*:"

"And I, the said Peter Crane, of Crane hall, Craneville, in the county of Crane, on the north border of Crane river, do hereby give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved nephew, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, Duckville, in the county of Duck, all the four-legged quadrupeds belonging to me, and situate, lying, walking, standing, or in any manner whatsoever or howsoever being upon my estate."

By virtue of this will Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, claimed twenty-seven full-blooded race horses, belonging to the estate of the testator. But lawyers are not so easily "puzzled." The executors firmly refused to deliver the horses. Mr. Duck was actually thunderstruck. He had set his heart upon them. To lose his uncle was bad enough in all conscience, but to lose the horses too, was intolerable.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Duck to one of the executors, smothering his feelings, "on what ground do you detain my property?"

He was referred to counsellor Capias, of Casa hall, Casaville. Burning with indignation did Napoleon Bonaparte Duck enter the office of counsellor Capias.

"Counsellor Capias," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall."

"The devil you are," replied the counsellor, "and who said you were not?"

"I've come, Mr. Counsellor, to consult you about my horses."

"Horses, sir?" said the counsellor, looking into his face keenly, over his glasses, as if he did not understand what he meant, "horses, my friend what horses."

"My uncle's horses, sir—*my* horses, sir—the horses situate, lying and being upon Crane hall, Craneville, sir, in the county of Crane, on the north side of Crane river, sir.

"Crane hall? Horses?" said the lawyer, pausing and placing his for fore-finger, on his forehead, as if striving to call some forgotten thing to mind. Then his face lighted up suddenly. "Oh! ah! yes! oh, you're Mr. Duck?"

"Why, sir, who the devil should I be but Mr. Duck? Every inch a Duck."

Mr. Duck was very fond of Shakspeare and always quoted him when he was getting into a passion.

"Well, Mr. Duck," inquired the counsellor, composedly, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me my horses, sir."

The counsellor laid his pen down upon the table and looked surprised.

"Do you take me for a livery stable-keeper, sir?"

"Look you, Mr. Counsellor," said Duck, drawing from his pocket a copy of the will, "there sir, is my uncle's will; here he bequeathes to me, sir, his dearly beloved nephew sir, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, sir, *all* the horses on his farm. The executors have refused them to me and referred me to you. Will you have the kindness to give me an answer."

"I see nothing here about *horses*," said Capias, after humming over the contents of the will.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Duck, losing his patience; "read that *clause*, sir; don't you see—all the four-legged quadrupeds, sir, "to my dearly beloved nephew I bequeath. all the four-legged quadrupeds, sir, &c. &c. What do you say to that, sir?'

"Mr. Duck," said the lawyer mildly "I perceive you are not much acquainted with these matters. This document entitles a person calling himself Duck, to claim all the *four-legged* quadrupeds—all the *four-legged*, you see—now we contend that the quadrupeds on the Craneville estate have five legs."

"Fire and fury!" said Napoleon Duck, "quadrupeds with five legs? I did not expect to be insulted, sir, I'll commence a suit instantly—you are a—"

"Pardon me, Mr Duck," interrupted the counsellor. "I am well aware that, philosophically speaking, quadrupeds have only four legs. But philosophy is one thing, Mr. Duck, and law is another, Mr. Duck. Now *Barbeyrac*, in his notes on *Puffendorf*, accedes that four are not five; and your uncle, although *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should have worded his will so as to include all animals, *feræ naturæ*, as well as others, without any reference to legs whatever, for *Justinian, lib 2 lit. 1, section* 12 declares that *feræ igitur bectiæ simul atque*—"

"The man's mad," thundered Duck, leaving the room and slamming the door violently after him. He went straightway to counsellor Fifa, gave him fifty dollars, with orders to institute an action immediately against the executors. In due time a verdict was recovered for the plaintiff, who, however, had to pay a heavy bill of costs notwithstanding his success.

"Executors never pay costs," said lawyer Fifa. "Lord, sir, didn't you know that? I thought every body knew that."

Fifa took a pinch of snuff, the clerk giggled, and Duck started for the office of counsellor Capias, a little dashed with the bill of costs, but evidently gratified with the triumph he was about to consummate over his old friend.

"Counsellor Capias," said he, with a smile of satisfaction bordering on scorn, "I suppose you'll give me the horses now?"

"Not at all, Mr. Duck."

"Why, I have gained the suit, have I not?" asked Mr. Duck, with a stare of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"And the court decided that the horses should be delivered to me?"

"Oh, yes; but what of that? I'm going to carry it up."

"Carry *it* up!—carry *what* up?"

"The case, sir—the horses, sir. I'm going to *certiorari*. I told you you didn't understand these matters."

Duck absolutely evaporated with surprise, vexation, anger, and terror; and the next thing that was seen of him was that he was giving another fifty dollar note to lawyer Fifa.

"They've *certioraried*," said Fifa. "I'm glad of it. Don't be afraid, Duck, we'll beat them at last as sure as four aint five."

It being an issue in law, the case was argued before his honor, Mr. Justice Dobbs, of Dobbs hall, Dobbsville, in the county of Dobbs. Timothy Fifa, Esq. appeared for the defendant in error, and Casa Capias, Esq. for the plaintiff.

Capias for the now plaintiff. This was an action commenced in the court below, by the present defendent against the now plaintiff. The declaration states that Duck was entitled to twenty-seven horses from the estate of Crane hall, founding his claim upon a will, which bequeathed to him all the *four-legged quadrupeds* therein being. A verdict having been rendered for the plaintiff below, the defendant sued out a *certiorari*, and assigns for error, that the declaration, and the matters therein contained, were not sufficient in law to maintain an action. We rest our case on two points. The will gives the claimant a right to the four-legged quadrupeds *being on the estate of the testator*. Now, we contend, in the first place, that the testator, being dead, defunct, and not alive in law, cannot have an estate. The ambiguity of the document renders it utterly impossible and unjust for the claimant to recover. Secondly—the horses are not mentioned in the will. We think it may be easily proven to the satisfaction of your honor, that the horses claimed have legs. *Fleta, Bracton, Puffendorf, Locke, Barbeyrac,* and *Blackstone* declare that a leg is a part of the body. Now let me ask your honor what is a tail?—*Quicquid autem eorum ceperis, eo usque tuum esse intelligitur*, why a part of the body. Now, a leg is a part of the body, and a tail is a part of the body, *ergo*, in law, a tail is a leg, and a leg is a tail, *ergo*, a horse or quadruped with a tail has five legs, *ergo*, the quadrupeds in question here are not quadrupeds, but animals, *quinquepedanti. Quod erat demonstrandum*

Fifa contra. May it please your honor, this is one of the most important cases that ever came under the consideration of a court of justice; a case which involves the liberties of millions; a case, the decision of which will go down as a precedent to posterity; a case which has the most direct bearing upon the happiness of the whole human race. For, your honor will perceive, that if quadrupeds or animals *quadrupedanti* can be metamorphosed into animals *quinquepedanti*, animals *quinquepedanti, vice versa*, can be turned into animals *quadrupedanti*—those into *trespedanti*, those into *bis pedanti*, those into *unus* or *monos pedanti*, and those into the Lord only knows what. Now, horses have always been considered animals *quadrupedanti*, as *vide* Fleta, b. 3. ch. 3. p. 1008. Bracton, b. 2. c. 1. p. 700, therefore they can have but four legs. Secondy: the tail of a horse cannot be considered one of his legs, it being a distinct and less noble part of his body. *Cum vero tuam evaserit custodiam*, as *Justinian* saith. Suppose your honor cut off the tail of my horse, it will not prevent him from walking. But let your honor *pursus occupantis fit*, cut off one of his legs, and *multa accidere soleant ut eam non capias*, he will not be able to walk at all; therefore, the tail of a horse is not one of his legs, *ergo*, a horse has but four legs.

Per curiam. The tail of a horse is one of his legs. It is evident that it is in a manner connected with his body. If you cut off the tail of a horse, the blood will run. If you cut off one of the legs, the blood will run.—*Ergo*, the tail of a horse is one of his legs. The defendant in error, Mr. Duck, is not entitled to the horses. If there are any of them without tails, *deinde ut fera, ita incluza sit ut exire inde nequeat*, then Mr. Duck is clearly entitled to them.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

LATE LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening Dress. A dress of Bird of Paradise colored tulle, over satin to correspond, corsage cut low and square and formed en cœur by a lappel of the same material, edged by a rouleau of blue satin and bordered by blond lace, a row of which also stands up round the bust. Beret sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a wreath of riband to correspond with the dress, mixed with blue, it is arranged en tulippe, and placed just above the knee. The hair is dressed very full at the sides of the face, and high behind, and ornamented with knots en tulippe to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

Morning Dress. A high dress of pea-green gros de Naples, plain corsage, which is nearly covered by a pelerine pointed before and behind, and trimmed with black blond lace round the shoulders. The collar is square, and has no trimming. Sleeve en demi gigot, a broad band of dark green velvet goes round the bottom, and up the front of the dress: the latter part of the trimming is shaped like a sugar loaf; the trimming is cut in a very novel manner, at the sides. Blond lace cap, trimmed with salmon colored gauze riband and flowers.

Hats and Bonnets. The most novel carriage bonnets are of a changeable gros de Naples, white shot with rose colour; the crown is made like groom's cap, the brim of the usual size, finished by curtain veil of white blond lace. A plume of rose colored feathers issuing from a mœud of cut ribands, is placed on one side of the crown in front, and a knot of ribands ornaments it behind.

Out-door Costumes. Several Carriage dresses, composed of cachemere of gros de Naples, have the corsages made tight to the shape, with velvet collars and lappels of a large size bordered with narrow pointed blond lace; the fulness of the sleeve is confined in four places from the elbow to the wrist, by velvet bands edged in the same manner with lace. The skirt is finished round the border with three tucks.

The most novel pelisses are composed of reps or gros de Naples; the corsage, made in the shawl style, nearly covers the bust in front, but cut very deep, and in the pelerine form behind. The shawl part, and the front of the dress, were ornamented on each side by three tucks.

Make and Materials for Ball Dresses. Crape, *tulle, gaze de soie,* and *gaze Donna Maria*, are all in favor. The corsages are cut very low; the majority *crape*. These are always trimmed *en mantille*, or with blond lace, or else with a single fall *a l'enfant*. Sleeves are shorter, and those adorned with knots of ribands are more in favor.

Ball Dress Trimmings. There is a good deal of variety in ball dress trimmings; some are of the simpler kind even for grand parties. We have seen magnificent coiffures worn with dresses trimmed with ribands; *coiletles* of this kind, however, are rare.—Among the trimmings that appear to us most worthy of notice, is one on a white crape dress, which is trimmed round the border as high as the knee, with points formed of three *chefs d'or*; the rows were about an inch distant from each other. The ceinture was a silver band on which is embroidery in gold formed points.

NOVELTIES IN GENTLEMEN'S DRESS

The most fashionable colors for dress coats are blacks and blues; in point of fact there is not any material alteration from that of last month, with the exception of the skirts, which are sometimes lined with different colored silks. The collars are rather shorter and narrower, and the waist has the advantage in length, but the hip buttons are rather nearer together. Black frocks are a good deal worn, but the Brighton Beaver frock is becoming quite general. The most fashionable cut is the single breasted, with velvet facings; it is necessary to bind this cloth at all times to give it a finish on the edges, and it is equally necessary to line the skirts with silk.

For waistcoats, a new article in swansdown has just made its appearance; it is very fine in texture, and the patterns are confined to stars and running sprigs. It is a very excellent article, and has the merit of being new.

Dress waistcoats continue to be made of silk and velvet of the most lively patterns, and the greatest variety of colors.

Plain black velvet seems to have made its second appearance in the character of morning waistcoats, and if it does not come off with applause, it is certain, in point of durability, to give satisfaction.—These are not good waistcoats for tailors, because they will last as long as any two or three others. Dress waistcoats should be made with a full rolling collar and single-breasted, or with small lappels to turn down with a square collar.

Trowsers. Last month we had to record the disappearance of Shepherd's plaid from the circle of the fashionable world, and from the walks of St. James's and Regent-street. From the coarseness of its texture, we pronounced it unfit to rank itself amongst the list of fashionable materials necessary for gentlemen's trowsers. This stricture has had the desired effect, for, behold! this very article has returned again in the same colors and patterns, but made of very fine wool, and by introducing itself under the more favorable name of Shepherd's Plaid Kerseymere, is once more the most fashionable article for morning trowsers. It has, however, a rival in the ribbed Cashmere and narrow striped kerseymeres, which are very neat and quite new; they have not had sufficient time yet to secure their success, but they are sure to be worn during May.

Pantaloons of white kerseymere are made tight. Waistcoats of gold cloth are only worn by dandies.

Some gentlemen have appeared at the Opera in open-breasted coats with velvet lappels. Blue coats are remarkably open-breasted. Black silk waistcoats, black satin waistcoats *a schalle*, with white satin lappels, half tight pantaloons made short; some gentlemen with white satin cravats.

Black satin cravats tied in front are numerous. Those of white spotted muslin are tied in an American knot, those of clear muslin in a loose knot.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American.—The author has modestly withheld his name, through diffidence, it would appear, of the success of this, his maiden production. Happening, however, to be accidentally informed on the subject, and feeling assured that the volumes before us cannot fail to give him an honourable rank in the rising literature of his country, we have no hesitation in betraying his incognito, and announcing him as Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, a young officer in the navy of the United States.

It would appear that the Lieutenant, having a long leave of absence from his ship, undertook, in 1826, a land cruise of observation and instruction on the continent of Europe, and having traversed a part of France entered Spain by the way of Perpignan, with the intention of passing a year in the Peninsula.

There were two things which we doubt not the worthy Lieutenant regarded as sore disadvantages for his undertaking, but which we consider as having most fortunately concurred to give his work the very entertaining character it possesses: the first was, that, according to his own account, he had received but an imperfect education; the second, that he had but a slender purse, containing merely his lieutenant's pay, and no prize-money. The first threw him upon his own recources, upon his mother wit, and his every day observation, and experience, rendering him fresh, new, and original, instead of erudite and commonplace. The second obliged him to adopt cheap modes of conveyance, and to live among the people in their *casas de pupilos*, or boarding-houses, rather than in the lordly and sullen solitude of his own apparrment at a hotel The consequence of both is, a series of scenes and character of Spanish life, taken from among the popular classes, and which remind us continually of what we have chuckled over in the pages of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. These are given with the microscopic minuteness, the persevering and conscientious fidelity of a Flemish painter; but with a boldness of touch and a liveliness of colouring, that prevent their ever becoming tedious. He has resorted but little to his imagination, even for the embellishment of his facts, but has contented himself with setting down precisely every thing he saw, and felt, and experienced; it is, in fact, the log-book of his land cruise. Throughout it bears evidence of a youthful, kind, and happy spirit, and of fresh unhackneyed feelings; there is a certain vein of humour and *bonhommie* running through it also, that gives it peculiar zest; and not the least amusing circumstances about it are the whimsical shifts and expedients to which the narrowness of the Lieutenant's purse now and then obliges him to resort in travelling, and which he records with delightful frankness and simplicity; the facility and good humour with which, from his rough nautical experience, he is enabled to put up with wind and weather, and hard fare and hard lodging, that would dismay and discomfit a landsman; and the true sea-faring relish with which he enjoys every snug berth or savoury meal; exulting over dishes that almost require the strong stomach of a midshipman or a Sancho Panza. Of the fidelity of many parts of his narrative we happen ourselves to have personal knowledge; having about the same time perambulated various provinces of Spain, and known some of the characters, and heard of some of the most striking facts which he records.

We forbear extracting the various descriptions of the country, which are given with considerable accuracy, and with much vivacity of coloring; we prefer dedicating the narrow limits afforded us to the scenes of busy life, and the personal anecdotes which give such stirring interest to the work, and which, in fact, convey so much characteristic and local information. We must insert the following picture of a Spanish diligence; the starting of it from the court-yard at Barcelona will remind many a reader of a French diligence getting under weigh, which may be compared to a mountain in labor, and is almost attended by an earthquake.

'The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honored with the name of capitana. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills, by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls, for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but in this an eye was had to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes; the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly-brush, and the hair on the hanches was clipped into a curious fret-work, not a little resembling the embroidery of a hussar's pantaloons.—They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes, and tassels of gaily-colored worsted, and had many bells about the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal and mayoral, or postilion and conductor. The zagal with whom we set out from Barcelona was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral*, who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning, and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.'—pp. 55, 56.

'The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite peculiar. The zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by their names, and apparently endeavoring to reason them into good conduct, and make them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbor. I say he called them by their names, for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside Capitana, we had Portugesa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postilion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugesa, obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry, sharply, *Aquella otra!*—"That other one!"—and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, run forward, and beat and belabor the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately he bind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is indeed wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole way, and stopping occasionally at the road side to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While descending, he would hold his cap in one hand and with the other throw a stone first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs.

The author's account of his arrival, and his first sallying forth into the streets of Madrid, is full of lively and accurate picturing; and nothing can be better than his description of his language master, Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who may serve as the representative of a numerous class in Spain.

Under the guidance of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, the Lieutenant sallies forth in quest of lodgings, and is conducted to the house of one Don Valentin, one of those indefinite or unpurified worthies, who have been ruined in Spain by the frequent reverses in politics. An amusing characteristic sketch is given of his history and of his domestic establishment. As to his person, he was tall, gaunt, and bony; with a thin, wrinkled, sallow face, set off by black and bristly hair, and illumined by but a single eye. The Lieutenant dislikes his looks; abominates his long, stiff-backed boots, notwithstanding they are decorated with tassels; nor is he to be reconciled to the coarseness of his square-tailed coat and scanty pantaloons by a shirt and cravat elaborately embroidered: his dislike of the landlord extends to the house; he determines that he is not and will not be pleased with it, and is bowing his way out with all due courtesy, when, at the top of the narrow staircase, he is met full in the face by the daughter of mine host, Dona Florencia, just returning from mass.

'She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair, and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquina* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

'As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pair of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favourite in Andalusia, which begins—

"O no!—no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!"
"O no! I care not to marry!
'Tis better, 'tis better live single!"

"We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency.'—pp. 190, 191.

In fine, the worthy Lieutenant, who, throughout his work, shows the susceptibility of a blue-jacket for female charms, beholds the whole establishment with different eyes now that it is graced by the presence of Dona Florencia. He finds the lodgings the very thing of which he was in search, and even more convenient than any thing he had hoped to find. He at once takes possession of them, and during the whole of his residence in Madrid appears to have flourished under the single though guardian eye of Don Valentin and the gentle regards of Dona Florencia. She is a perfect picture of a Spanish girl: frank, warm-hearted, disinterested, uninstructed, yet intelligent; with a surpassing fondness for fine stockings and spangled shoes.

As our object is chiefly to exemplify our author's talent as sketching familiar pictures of life and manners, which we think quite peculiar and felicitous, we pass over, without notice, his discussions of public places, public institutions, and other ordinary topics which abound in all books of travels, and on which he acquits himself very sensibly and creditably, but much in the usual style of tourists. We cannot however, show equal indifference to the following description of his setting off from Aranjuez, attended by a ragged misbegotten boy named Jose, whom he had picked up as a *lacquey de place*. It was an outset that might rival one of the picturesque sallies of the Knight of the Woful Countenance and the Squire of all Squires.

"After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing afoot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door, and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along, to bring him back, on a borrico. I liked this arrangement well. So, paying my bill and packing up my sack, I sallied out into the courtyard, to commence my journey. I did not expect to be very splendidly mounted, but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great, on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocin*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into the legs, and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were everywhere conspicuous, save where concealed by a huge packsaddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvass. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his hand before me, as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me that if it was *igual* to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was that his horse would not live to complete the journey; to which he replied, with some indignation, that he would carry me to *las Indias*, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into it, and grasping the pack-saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burthen, and as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making retrograde steps, he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-coloured ass, with the game-bag, which contained all my travelling equipage, hung round his neck and hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose, accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected his retrograde motion, which being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn and took our way through the market place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez."—vol. ii, p. 15—17.

We are tempted to make one more extract, which shows the worthy Lieutenant in a situation of more imminent jeopardy than any other page of his log-book. He had performed the journey from Cordova in one of those huge galeras or covered wagons, which, as they slowly toil across the naked plains of Spain, resemble great ships traversing the ocean. Among the motley crew of this ark was a Spanish curate, a handsome galliard priest of about thirty years of age, with whom the Lieutenant, with his usual facility became very sociable. When they landed together in 'fair Seville's famous city,' the Lieutenant was for seeking an inn; but the provident priest, who had doubtless been accustomed to beat up that part of the country, recommended a *casa de pupilos*, or boarding-house; where they would find 'more comfort, more retirement, and, at the same time, *more society*.' A barber of Seville, with the proverbial promptness of his craft, pointed them out a house of the kind, kept by a widow lady, where they could not fail to be accommodated *a gusto*—that is, to their heart's content.

They accordingly approach a house, furnished in the delightful Andalusian style, with an interior court, and babbling fountain; they ascend a staircase, enter a saloon, the windows of which open on balconies, and are shaded by striped red and white awnings; and, for the rest, we leave the Lieutenant to tell his own story:—

'There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five-and-twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy, Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendours of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija; but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

"Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no further, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful.—As for myself, it furnished me with a favorable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favorable mention. With these, and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted; delighted with their looks, their words and actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiquiti-ti-ti-to*.—Every thing is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana: she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

'There is one thing, however, in my situation in this *casa de pupilos* which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window looking on the street, and a door opening into the court-yard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bed-chamber, and the bed-chamber of the old lady and of the three ninas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling, nor, indeed, more than two-thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear every thing that was going on next me. Wearied to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly, every night before going to sleep, and presently I used to hear the old woman's snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the creaking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbours turned over; or may be on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision.'

We can readily imagine the anxiety of the reader to know how our modern Telemachus extricated himself from the perils of this island of Calypso, and we confess that we feel as mischievous pleasure in baulking his curiosity as did Yorick when he left untold the delicate denoument of the affair of the corking-pins. If he wishes information on the subject, let him consult the book itself. We here take leave for the present of the Lieutenant, consigning him to the tender mercies of the fair Sevillanas, and the guardianship of his friend the curate—albeit that we vehemently suspect the latter of being very little of a Mentor.—*London Quarterly.*

The London Literary Gazette furnishes the following specimen of royal, alias *sans culotte* condescension. It appears, says that Journal, that, a few days since L—— left town in a great hurry for Brighton, where, passing along the Steyne, he met the King. His majesty with his usual frank urbanity, accosted him as an old acquaintance. "Ah, L——, how are ye? what brings ye here? how long do ye stay?" L—— replied, he came to see a sick relation, and was obliged to return the ensuing day. "Pooh, pooh, pooh," said his majesty, "you must dine with me first." "Please your majesty, I am under the necessity of returning immediately." "Nonsense! come to-morrow. Sir Herbert, do you mind, L—— does not go away without dining with me." L—— whispered to Sir Herbert that it was quite impossible he could avail himself of the honour, for he was deficient in a certain article of dress. Sir Herbert overwhelmed poor L—— by at once informing his majesty of his reason for declining the honour, namely, that he had no breeches. "Nonsense—ceremony—stuff—let him *come without*—let him come without," said the king.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1831.

THE CABINET. All the world is agog about the dissolution of President Jackson's cabinet. The quid-nuncs are busy with their speculations, and the knowing ones say little, but clap their forefingers to their nose, and stand with "arms encumbered, or this head-shake," as Hamlet has it, and by "pronouncing of some doubtful phrase," as "well, well, we know;—or, we could, an if we would,"—seem to indicate that the matter is not so much a mystery to them as it appears to be to other people.

The correspondence between the President and Secretaries is admirably characteristic of the parties. We can see the "thinking secretary" shaking his head as if there were *really* something in it, before penning his brief epistle, and heaving a sigh at being so unceremoniously thrust out of his comfortable seat, which he has occupied, as Lord Duberly would say, only as a sort of Secretary's warming pan. The *naiveté* of Mr. Ingham too, who cannot comprehend the purport of the President's delicate note, and who seems so taken by surprise when the definite intimation arrives that his resignation will be agreeable, is specially amusing.—He appears determined, if the President *means* cat, he shall *say* cat, outright.

Mr. Van Buren's letter, like the character of his mind, is an enigma. "I read the communication of the Secretary of State, from beginning to end, with great care," said some one the other day, but could make nothing of it. I then turned it upside-down, and read it through from end to beginning,—and though it read equally well, and made as good sense this way as the other, still I could make nothing of it." The truth is, that Mr. Van Buren has a good share of political prudence. He knows that, wise men speak ambiguously in dangerous times. He reminds us of the fox in the fable we used to read at school. The lion, it appears, called the sheep, and asked her if his breath had any bad smell. She said "Ay," and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and put the same question. The wolf said "No," and the lion tore *him* to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called for the fox, and asked *him*. "Truly," answered the politic beast, "*I have got a cold and cannot smell.*"

EXAMINATION OF PIRATES.—The Traveller of Tuesday contains an account of the examination of Gadett and Colonett, the mutineers brought to this port in the Peacock from Havana, before Judge Davis.

The District Attorney, Mr. Dunlap, read the accusations against the prisoners, charging them, in connection with a Portuguese, Don Juan ——, who acted as principal, with the murder of Capt. Samuel Woodbury, master of the brig Orbit, of New-York, and plundering and taking possession of his vessel. Mr. Dunlap then proceeded to the examination of witnesses, the most important of whom were Thomas Bowen and James Strike, seamen on board the Orbit.

Bowen, a mulatto, testified that he was a native of Baltimore—that he shipped on board the brig Orbit, Jan. 11th, 1830, at Bahia, S. A. Samuel Woodbury, master, bound to the coast of Africa, where they arrived after about 40 days passage—that while there, the prisoners were shipped on board—that they came together—that also on board, was a Portuguese, called Don Juan ——; that Colonett said he came from the W. Indies, or Mexican Colonies—that no accident happened to the ship, until the night of the 18th Aug. 25 or 30 days after leaving the coast, when witness was at the helm, and the captain asleep aft upon the hen-coop. The Portuguese came forward and asked for tobacco; went again aft, and conversed with the prisoners. Witness next heard blows aft, and looking in the direction, saw the Portuguese standing by the captain, holding an axe, with which he saw him strike the captain two or three times upon the head, after which he hauled him from the hen-coop and threw him overboard. Colonett at the same time was standing near with a harpoon in his hand, and when witness inquired what the Portuguese was doing, he told him to "hush." They both asked witness to be concerned in the murder.

The Portuguese now took command of the vessel, with Colonett as mate; they divided the dollars and gold dust among them, and shaped their course for St. Thomas, as Colonett said he belonged there, and they could land without being discovered. Colonett, who can read and write, kept a Journal, and on the 18th day of August he writes, that the captain died (giving particulars) of a long and lingering disease; to which were affixed the names of all the crew. The journal was produced in Court.

Strike corroborated the testimony of Bowen; said he joined the Orbit on the coast of Africa—that about the time of the murder he heard a conversation about taking the vessel, &c.—that he was below, when hearing a noise, he went on deck, where he met the Portuguese holding an axe and knife, who took hold of witness and used threatening language. Colonett came forward; said that witness had a great deal to say about the murder and ought to be killed with the captain. The captain was dead before being thrown overboard, as his brains were beat out with the axe and scattered around and upon the hen coop.

The foregoing are some of the principal facts as stated in the Court. Don Juan, the Portuguese, it will be recollected, cut his throat before arriving at Havana, and thus evaded summary justice. Colonett aided and abetted, assisted by Gadett, the black.—The rest of the crew were kept in the most fearful subjection, until the brig was fallen in with, and they were taken off by an American vessel. The prisoners were committed to prison to take their trial at the next term of the District Court, May 16.

ANTI-MASONRY. We are happy to learn that the anti-masonic vagrant and his ragged associates who have been disturbing the inhabitants of various places in this vicinity by their "lectures" and "exhibitions," so styled, have met with the rebuff they deserved from the good people of Salem.—The Selectmen of that town refused to sanction the paltry show which these itinerant mountebanks were anxious to get up, and they were subsequently turned out, neck and heels, from a hall which they had hired without letting the proprietors know for what purpose they wished to use it. The presumption of these fellows in venturing to request decent people for countenance and support, is only equalled by their shameless impudence and their gross ignorance of the usages of civilized society. If they can contrive to keep soul and body together in no other way than by imposing upon the credulity, and picking the pockets, of silly country boys, they should be provided with lodgings in some alms-house, or be set to picking oakum under the roof of the granite mansion in Leverett Street.

DISTURBANCES IN ANTIGUA.—The Antigua Weekly Register of the 25th ultimo contains a long account of the insurrectionary movements which took place among the negroes on that island, from the 20th to the 24th, inclusive. Many estates were burnt, and the loss of property is estimated at £6000. The population of the Island is stated in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce to be 2200 whites, 2300 free colored, and 22,000 slaves. At the last accounts tranquility prevailed. The slaves rose in consequence of the abolition of the Sunday market—the day which these people set apart for the sale of the produce of their lands: many of them had been apprehended. The Island has been placed under Martial Law. Sir P. Ross, the Governor, had issued two proclamations; in one of them he offers £100 to any free person; and in the other, emancipation to any slave, (in both cases excepting the actual offenders,) for information that will bring the perpetrators to punishment. Military force from St. Christopher's, and Naval from Barbadoes, had been applied for. A court had been instituted to try the offenders.

GROTON MONUMENT.—The New London Gazette announces the completion of this monument. It stands on the summit of the hill 70 rods from the shore, near Fort Griswold, in Groton, on the east bank of the river Thames and directly opposite the centre of the city of New London. The hill is one hundred and thirty feet above tide water, and rises gradually from the river. The foundation rises one foot above the surface, and is 26 feet square. The height of the monument is 107 feet.

The ascent to the top is by a set of stone steps 168 in number, rising in spiral form, inserted in the inner wall, and secured at the other end by an iron railing and bannisters, leaving the centre hollow to admit light from above.

On the west side of the monument, over the door, is a marble slab inserted, 8 feet long and 2 ft 9 inches wide, on which is the following inscription.

THIS MONUMENT
was erected under the patronage of the
STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
Anno Domini 1830; and in the 55th year of the Independence
of the United States of America;
In HONOR of the brave PATRIOTS, who fell in the
Massacre at Fort Griswold,
(near this spot)
on the 6th of September, A. D. 1781;
when the British soldiers under the
command of the
TRAITOR, BENEDICT ARNOLD,
burnt the towns of New London
and Groton,
and spread Desolation and Woe
throughout this region.

On the South side is inserted a marble slab, 9 feet by 7 feet with the following text, from the 5th chapter of Judges, 18th verse.

"Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field."

Under which is inscribed the names of the brave Col. Leydard, and his fellow Patriots who fell in the Fort, on the fatal 6th of September, 1781. The height of the monument is 127 feet.

PICTURES AT CORINTHIAN HALL. We were struck, during a short visit at Corinthian Hall, with an admirable picture of the *Interview between the Queen of Sheba and Solomon.* This is said to be an original Paul Veronese. The excellence of the composition, the richness of the draperies, and, above all, the grace and elegance displayed in the drawing of the principal female figure, go far to justify the belief that the piece is truly the work of that great artist. Veronese was the rival of Tintoretto, who was dismissed by his master Titian from an actual fear of the effect of his rising talents. In commendation of his great abilities Guido once said that he wished to be what Veronese was, rather than acquire the celebrity of any other artist, for, as he observed, others display their art, but he paints nature in all her charms. Most of the subjects of Veronese are drawn from the scriptures, which he was wont to study with the perseverance of a good Christian. We believe the painting now exhibited in Corinthian Hall has always been highly esteemed by connoisseurs, and is inferior perhaps only to the author's *Marriage in Cana*, and the *Supper in the House of Simon the Leer.*

THE NAVY. The Washington Telegraph has been furnished with the following correspondence respecting the supply so courteously and so promptly afforded to one of our ships of war, by an officer under the Government of Great Britain, the Lieutenant Governor of the fortress of Gibraltar.

It is but a short time since we had to record the thanks of the British Board of Admiralty to one of our own officers for the assistance rendered by him to one of their vessels in distress, by extricating her from the rocks upon which she had struck; and it is gratifying to observe these interchanges of good officers between two nations, allied as well in blood as in a similarity of language, and a community of interests.

GIBRALTAR, 16th Jan. 1831.

SIR: I take leave to acquaint you that the United States sloop of war the Boston, Capt. Storer, now laying in the bay of Gibraltar, having lost three of her anchors within the last forty-eight hours, is considered by her commander to be in a very critical situation, and I have most respectfully to solicit that she may be furnished with *other Anchors from the King's Arsenal*, as I have failed, after every possible exertion, to procure them at private sale.

I have the honor to be, with high considerations, your Excellency's most obedient,

A. P. HAYNE, U. S. Navy Agent.

To his Excellency, Gen. SIR GEORGE DON, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c.

GIBRALTAR, 16th Jan. 1831

SIR:—I have had the honor to receive your letter of this day's date, and beg leave to acquaint you that I have not lost a moment in informing the naval officer in charge of his Majesty's Dock Yard here, of the loss of anchors which the United States sloop of war has unfortunately sustained, and is requesting that Capt. Storer may be immediately supplied with such as may be necessary from the Dock Yard.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEO. DON.
Gen. and Lieut. Governor.

Col. A. P. HAYNE, &c. &c. &c.

GIBRALTAR, 17th Jan 1831.

SIR: I have just had the honor to receive your very kind and friendly note.

I should do injustice to my own feelings, but still greater injustice to the very frank and prompt conduct exhibited by your Excellency on the present occasion, if I did not return you my most unfeigned thanks for having extended relief and protection during the late storm to the United States sloop of war the Boston, now riding at anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. *You have saved the ship.* The act itself, but especially the manner in which it was conferred, calls for the expression of my warmest gratitude.

I have the honor to be, with high consideration and great respect, your obedient,

A. P. HAYNE, U. S. N. Agt.

To his Excellency, Gen. Sir GEORGE DON, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c. Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR, 17th Jan. 1831

SIR: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the

day's date, and feel extremely happy to find that the anchors supplied from his Majesty's Dock Yard to the United States' ship of war Boston, have been the means of placing that vessel in safety.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

GEO. DON,
Gov. and Lt. Gov.

Col. Hayne, &c. &c. &c.

Paganini. This musical wonder of the world has arrived in Paris, and struck the most eminent violinists of France with astonishment at the display of his marvellous skill. The correspondent of the London Court Journal writes as follows, relative to this prodigy.

The all-engrossing topic of conversation, in every fashionable party, is the astonishing performance of the hitherto unrivalled Paganini. He has performed thrice at the Academie Royal de Musique, and each time with increasing applause. Language cannot do justice to his wonderful exertion, and he must be heard, as he soon will be in London, to appreciate his exquisite powers. The violin in his masterly hand is an orchestra. The most astonishing tones and combinations of harmony float from his instrument to the audience,—who, were they kept from the sight of the performer, would be at a loss to determine the source of these celestial sounds. At one moment, you hear the warbling of the flute, next the brilliance of the octavo flageolet. A trio succeeds in solemn adagio, a deep toned bell seems occasionally to be heard, then the exquisite effect of the musical glasses. New powers are given to the instrument, which even the most eminent musicians declare, they were not aware was within its compass. He plays entirely from memory, without the intervention of a desk between him and the enchanted listeners. His appearance is singular, and denotes the enthusiast. Strong black hair curls in profusion round his face, which is of an ashy paleness. His eyes flash fire, his nostrils appear distended, and could we hide the organ from which he produces such magic tones, he would be an excellent representative of a prophet foretelling the future. His first piece was a concerto with full orchestral accompaniments, admirably calculated to display his solo passages. It consisted of a long movement *allegro maestoso*, succeeded by an *adagio*, and finishing by a *rondo brillante*. His next performance was a military concerto upon the well known air of Mozart, *Non piu andrai*, executed upon the fourth string. Here pleasure was almost surpassed by astonishment at the wonderful compass and variety of tones produced from this slender cord; and all delicious as it was, I could not avoid feeling pain, that so exquisite a master should have bestowed such time and lallents on what may be termed the charlatanism of music. His third piece was indeed a triumph over difficulties that a Viotti, a Beriot, or an Oury would have deemed insurmountable. It was without accompaniments, but it was difficult to persuade the ear that the volume of sound which struck the tympanum could proceed from a single instrument. In one variation, the air was performed by the bow, accompanied by a most difficult *pizzicato* movement, concluding with a cadence and a shake, executed by the fingers of the bow hand. Another variation was played in triple chords on three strings; in this a long, close, and rapid shake occurred. In a third, each passage performed by a bow, was accompanied by the *pizzicato* note, instantly repeated as an echo in the harmonic, to the very top of the scale. His most piano notes were heard with distinctness in every part of this immense theatre. But I conclude by lamenting, that all description of his powers must fall short of his attainments; and to a philosophical mind, perhaps the amazing powers of that delicate instrument the human hand, were never so exquisitely developed. The Fellows of the Royal Society who are writing on that subject, for the munificent prize of the late Earl of Bridgewater, should not conclude their essays until they have heard Paganini.

Theatrical. Mr. Booth completed his engagement at the Tremont Theatre on Monday evening. His benefit was well attended, but the house has been on the whole sadly neglected since the departure of little Burke. The new tragedy of *Sertorius*, written by David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, was brought forward on Mr. Booth's last night, and the talents and education of the writer had excited expectations on this occasion which we believe were not realized.

This play is founded on the story of Quintus Sertorius, who after distinguishing himself in war under Marius and Cinna, found himself proscribed by Sylla, and retired to Spain, where he declared himself independent. He was at last defeated by Pompey and Metellus and assassinated by one of his own officers. The author's materials were good, but we regret to say that he has not been particularly skilful or happy in the use of them.—The piece is dull and heavy, alike deficient in spirit and incident, and has neither bold language nor beautiful poetry to recommend it. There are two or three eloquent speeches put into the mouth of the hero, but notwithstanding our admiration of Booth's fine acting and the best efforts of the corps to give a tone to the play, we found it out of our power to get up the slightest interest either for Sertorius or any other of the dramatis personæ. The plot betrays a barrenness of invention and the sentiments are exceedingly common-place. The death of *Sertorius* and the conclusion of the drama are brought about very clumsily.

Howe, in one of his epilogues, seems to have had a right idea of dramatic poetry. He tells us

> 'Tis nature only, frames the poet's heart,
> Still as he thinks the scene, he feels along,
> And from his bosom bursts the raptured song.
> This is the sacred oracle, the shrine
> The bard consults, and there the tuneful nine!
> With the same fire the hero's soul must glow,
> Else vain to him the tale of tragic woe.

We look in vain in *Sertorius* for such a poet or such a hero as is here described.

We had hoped that Mr. Brown's production would go far to supply a deficiency which our literature has so long suffered; but candour compels us to declare that the first American tragedy is yet to be written.

The revived play *Zembuca*, produced with new scenery and dresses has brought good houses. It will probably prove attractive for a few nights longer.

In concluding our brief notice of the theatricals for the week, we would call attention to the benefit of Mr. Scott, which is announced for Monday evening. Mr. Scott is a useful and improving actor, and has conducted himself with so much propriety since his first engagement in Boston, and has been so attentive to the business of his profession, that he really deserves some substantial testimonial of public approbation. He has selected for his bill of farse, a melo-drama called *Rondino* from the pen of a very young writer who has produced several pieces that are evidences of his possession of a good deal of cleverness as a writer for the stage. We would mention this gentleman's name, but that his modesty has hitherto induced him to shrink from bringing himself so directly before the public eye. We hope he will reap the merited reward of industry and perseverance.

The Palladium. It is announced in Friday's Palladium, that the connexion between Kingman, Woolson, & Co., as joint proprietors and conductors of that paper, was dissolved on the 20th inst. Messrs. Kingman & Parmelee have withdrawn, and the Palladium is transferred to Mr. Charles J. Woolson.

The Concert. The first "Grand Concert" given at Marlboro' Hall on Wednesday evening, by the "Musical Professional Society," was well attended by a numerous and select company. We would notice among the performances which pleased us, the glees by Messrs Webb, Card, and Jones, also the "Air of Rossini's Opera," "Semiramis," by Messrs Webb and Hansen, as deserving of much praise. Some of the pieces from their great length were rather tedious. The songs, "O go not to the field of war," and "Where the Bee sucks," by Miss Woodward, were sung in her usual pleasing style. This lady has several times this season kindly given her assistance to her musical friends, and we trust soon to see her name announced for a Concert.—*Communicated.*

An old Spanish nobleman meeting his coachman in that place unmentionable to ears polite, and being respectfully asked how he came there, said it was on account of the fatal indulgence he had shown to his wicked son. "But," said he, "Peter," wiping his eyes, "how came *you* here?"—"Ah, my lord," replied Peter, "it was for being the father of that wicked son of yours."

A gentleman who had neither voice nor skill once attempting to sing in company, when he had come to a conclusion, Suett, the actor, said to him, "By ——, sir, your song is like the small-pox." "How is that?" said one of the company, "explain, explain." "Why," said Suett, "a d——d good thing when it's over."

We have heard the story told of the late "Big Dick," that when he was once taken before a magistrate for making a riot, he was ordered to find bail for a subsequent trial. "I have no bail." said Dick, "Then I must commit you," said his honor "Commit me!" exclaimed the prisoner, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that?" asked the justice, "I insist on an explanation of that phrase." "Why," said he, "it's the *hanging rope, at the yard arm.*"

"Waiter!" drawled out a particularly witty university student, who was reclining his beautiful limbs upon some six or eight chairs, in an apartment at a noted hotel,—"Waiter! bring us a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc.*" The waiter paid no attention to the command; and, upon being called upon again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. "Really, gentleman," said he with a bow, "I thought one of you had *declined it.*"

Mr. —— a well-known deputy sheriff once presented a copy of a writ to an auctioneer, apologizing at the same time for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping that the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine;" and instantly *knocked him down.*

On a stone thrown at a very great man, but which missed him.

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Siamese twins have each drawn a prize in a lottery at Philadelphia.

A letter from Washington dated April 18th, the day before the blow up, to the editor of the Richmond Inquirer, says that the President's illness is occasioned by "rankling" in an old wound on his left arm. It is supposed to be a bullet, or some "extraneous substance." In other respects the General enjoys good health.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Equality, Illinois, on Saturday, 2d April, about 2 o'clock P. M.

The Maine Legislature have been called upon to pay bounties of 8 cents per head on 40,000 crows —$3200.

Capt. George H. Richards has obtained patents in Europe, South America, and the United States, for a method of applying India Rubber to various useful arts and purposes. Several scientific gentlemen have certified that the improvement is practicible, of immense use, and will produce great pecuniary profits. The fluid Caoutchouc, which Capt. R. uses, can be obtained in any desirable quantity. The gum is produced in the greatest luxuriance in Asia and South America, and might be produced in the United States. Dr. Hewit has before his mansion, on the Hudson, a species of the Caoutchouc growing very vigorously.

A South Carolina paper says—"potatoes large enough to eat are mentioned in a Portland (Me.) paper of 25th ult. Strawberries are ripe in Boston." Those strawberries, according to the Patriot, were of the monthly kind, and being put in the open air, last March, ripened, owing to a mistake of the Clerk of the Weather, who transposed the months of March and April. As to the potatoes, they had some in Maine, last month. But for some weeks, all produced here were *blue-noses.*

Messrs. J. & J. Harper have published in a very neat volume, corresponding in size and appearance with the number of the Family Library, "AFFECTING SCENES: *being Passages from the Diary of a Physician.*" The contents of this publication are taken from Blackwood's Magazine.

Gainsville, in Georgia, a spot uninhabited only a few years since, and situated on the borders of the gold region, now contains nine or ten streets, and during the past year, 120,000 dollars' worth of gold, it is said, passed through the hands of merchants.

A man named John Brown, recently let out of the Massachusetts state prison, was locked up for robbing a store in Providence, a few days ago. He contrived some way, however, to release himself, by picking the lock of the door, and made his escape.

Among the passengers in the Caledonia, at New-York from Liverpool, is the venerable James Maury, Esq. late American Consul at Liverpool, who has returned to his native country after an absence of more than forty years.

It is stated at Washington, that Mr. Livingston has accepted the station of Secretary of State, tendered him by the President.

A clergyman had a milk white horse, which, on account of its beautiful form, he called Sion. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him where he was going; "Why," said he, to "*mount Sion.*"

A feat was accomplished at Hunting-Park Course, Philadelphia, last week, of a somewhat novel character. A young gentleman wagered a certain sum that he would in ten minutes trot round the course, it being a mile long, and propel a sulkey before him containing a man. A great number of persons attended to witness the performance, which was accomplished in eight minutes and twenty-nine seconds.

The first concert given by the Musical Professional Society on Wednesday evening, at the Marlboro' afforded very general satisfaction.

A portrait of Cooper, the American novelist, is to embelish the April number of the London New-Monthly Magazine.

The insurrection of the slaves in the island of Antigua has been suppressed. Sixteen estates had been destroyed by fire. About a dozen persons had been committed as incendiaries.

The managers of the Albany Asylum for destitute children, acknowledge the receipt of $744 62, handed them by the ladies having the management of the fair recently held for the benefit of the institution.

A child of Mr. John D. Gordon, of Norfolk, Va. was poisoned on Monday week by eating yellow jessamine flowers.

A Fur Seal, weighing more than an hundred pounds, was caught in a small river setting up from the ocean, and not more than thirty or forty miles from Hartford, after the storm of last week.

On Tuesday week a wagon belonging to Messrs. K O. and J. L. Peabody, papermakers at Franklin, and which was at the time returning to their mill with a load of rags, was precipitated into the Winnipiseogee river near the tavern of Mr. J. H. During, in Northfield, by the falling of the bridge, over the stream at that place. Loss $400.

A man has been committed for trial at Utica, N. Y. for offering at the Bank a false note for $1000, with five endorsements.

Five more serpents of the Boa species have been received at New York from London.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The most perfect understanding, says the Court Journal, now subsists between the French and English cabinets, not only with respect to Belgium, but as regards the whole foreign policy of the two countries.

It is quite true, that both Lord Palmerston and General Sebastiani have been making active efforts to serve the Poles in the way of mediation. Hitherto they have received the most positive assurances of kind intentious from the Emperor Nicholas, so that there is every reason to doubt the correctness of the report, that the Autocrat has declared a determination of putting an end to Poland as a nation.

The King has given a carte blanche to the Duke of Cambridge and his Council, to make any concessions to the liberal party in Hanover, which may be called for by justice and reason.

On Monday, according to the Court Journal, their Majesties left Windsor Castle in a close carriage, in which they were accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge. They were escorted by a party of Lancers. The two young Princes, George of Cumberland, and George of Cambridge, dined with their Majesties, and afterwards accompanied them to the theatre, where their Majesties arrived at seven o'clock; a guard of honour, composed of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, under the command of Lord Henry Paulet, having previously marched into Prince's-place, and taken possession of the avenues leading to the theatre. The entrance hall was lined by the Grenadiers, and the staircase by the Yeomen Guard, and two Life-Guardsmen were stationed at the door of the Saloon, dressed as Cuirassiers. Their Majesties and suite came in seven carriages, and were received by Mr. Kemble, the proprietor, and Mr. Bartley, the stage-manager, in full court dresses, bearing large wax-lights.

The Queen was dressed in rose-coloured silk, and word a splendid plume of feathers, and many diamonds. The King wore an Admiral's uniform.

His Majesty takes great interest in the Polish Revolution. All the accounts from the socne of war are sent to him as soon as they have been read by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is believed that his Majesty has had several conversations with Lord Brougham on this subject.

An elopement has taken place from under the roof of a certain Duchess, which has caused some talk,—as the young lady was a protegee of her Grace, and was admitted to associate with the sisters of the Duke. The gallant is attached to the Italian Opera, and is a dancing master, of about five-and-thirty, of some personal attractions. The Duchess and her household are not a little astonished at this event, as the young lady was remarkable for the strict *retenu* of her manners.

Field Marshal Diebitsch having, with his own hands, pulled the different orders of merit gained on the field of battle, off the breast of Major Kiwerski, who had been severely wounded and made prisoner, the Major in consequence of such an insult, being hurt to the extreme, answered, with dignity, to the Marshal, "You may take upon yourself to have us shot, but not dishonour us, for when a nation declares war upon another, there are no rebels." The Field Marshal enraged at such an answer ordered his cossacks to take the prisoners into the interior.

Wars and rumors of wars.—It is said the King of Holland is preparing to march 84,000 men into Belgium, and that this will be opposed by an armed occupation of Belgium by the forces of England, Prussia and France. The Prussian troops of the Rhine have received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. An Austrian army of 90,000 men will be stationed in Bohemia, and a corps of 30,000 men on the frontiers of Tyrol and Italy.—Early in March 12,000 horses were purchased for the Austrian army, and a large addition was made to the medical service. The Austrian loan recently effected was £3,600,000 sterling. A call for the war service on 280,000 National Guards, was expected at Paris March 29. A camp of 10,000 men was about to be formed at Pontivy, a town 30 miles N. E. of L'Orient. An army of 60,000 men at the last of March, being a part of the force of the Germanic Confederation, were about to cross the Rhine and take position between Mayence and Landau. The Dutch Government was negotiating a loan of 40 to 45 millions of florins, about 17 millions of dollars. The effective army of the Swiss Cantons is now 60,000. A new levy of 25,000 was expected at Turin early in April. There were already at Turin 24,000 men, besides 27,000 at and near Genoa, and 3000 at Coni. The new French loan is to be about £5,000,000 stg. Another loan of £4,000,000 stg. is warranted, if required. An encounter took place March 23, at Kehl, between a party of Badeners and of French troops, stationed near the Rhine. It ended without much bloodshed. A new levy for the Russian armies had been ordered, from which the ordinary exemptions were disallowed.—*Patriot.*

PORT OF QUEBEC. The first arrival at this Port this season is unusually early, and as the River and Gulf were free of ice, a number of the early Spring vessels may be daily expected.

SECOND EDITION

THE COMMENTATOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1831.

Military. At a meeting of the Field Officers of the Third Brigade First Div. M. M.—held at the Exchange Coffee House yesterday afternoon, Col. John S. Tyler, Senior officer of the Brigade was elected Brigadier General.

From La Plata.—From a correspondent at Buenos Ayres, Says the N. Y. Daiiy, we have received the British Packet of February 12th, and we are glad to learn that the war, so often apprehended, and still unfortunately as much threatened had not at that date actually commenced.

Preparations were making for hostilities in various parts, and we greatly fear blood has been shed, ere this, in several of the provinces. A body of infantry had been reviewed at Retiro, to march immediately for the frontier, with the cavalry militia under Col. Rosas. The cavalry division of Pacheco had probably joined the Santa Fe army in the teritory of Cordova; and it was reported that Ibarra and Latorre would march for Santiago with 800 men. Quiroga was advancing towards Cordova with the remains of his former army and recruits from Buonos Ayres, and the contingents from Santa Fe.

Entrerios and Corrientes were prepared to act in concert with the Buenos Ayrean troops.

Gen. E. Lopez, Governor of Santa Fe, is Commander-in-Chief of the Restoring Army, as it is called.

The coast of the Uruguary is to be garrisoned by Corriontes troops, to guard against the refugees in the Banda Oriental. Col. Coe arrived on the 10th from Uruguay, where every thing was quiet. Col. Villafare has left Chili, to cooperate with the troops of the boundary provinces.

Cordova, and the other provinces under the protectorship of Gen. Paez, were, on their side, supposed to be making preparations.

The notes of the National Bank, now in circulation, amount to 15,152,726 dollars.

Distressing Shipwreck.—An extract of a letter from a gentleman in Halifax, N. S. to his correspondents in New-York, dated April 16th, details the following effect of the late severe gale:

"A small vessel arrived here this afternoon bringing the melancholy account of a raft having come on shore near Shelburne, (with a young child lashed to it, and also eighteen bodies, one of which was a woman with an infant in her arms.) There is no doubt, from the wood, (cedar) that it is a vessel from Bermuda, with invalids, and the families from thence to this port, to take in others for England. Our last accounts from that Island say, there were upwards of one hundred men, women and children, and two officers; but it is not known who are the unfortunate officers. A friend of mine who has a son in the 81st regiment, is much distressed and anxious, as every person must have perished."

From the N. Y, Commercial.

Steamboat disasters. We mentioned yesterday that fears were entertained for the safety of the steamboat Waterloo, which runs between Montreal and Quebec. The intelligence by this morning's mail confirms the report of her loss. She was struck by heavy fields of ice when near the Carouge, and soon sunk in sixty feet water. Nothing of her cargo is saved, and the passengers escaped with some difficulty, by taking refuge on the ice and floating with it until they obtained assistance from shore.

There was a report at the last dates from Quebec, that the steamboat Lady of the Lake, had been driven on the rocks a few miles above the Carouge.

The following is a further account of the accident which befel the steamboat *Tri-Color.* It is copied from the Wheeling Compiler of April 20:—

Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, while the steam-boat Tri-Color, Capt. Drown was about getting under way from the landing at this place, her boiler exploded, and threw its scalding contents forward. Capt. Drown and a number of others who were on the fore part of the boat, were all swept overboard. Eight persons have lost their lives by the immediate effects of the explosion, or by drowning. Eight others were scalded very severely, and one of them dangerously. The body of the Captain has been found. The boiler was an old one, repaired four years ago; and the explosion is imputed by the engineer to the omission of several bolts or rivets which were left out in making the repairs. With a boiler eighteen years old, of defective workmanship this disaster must be chargeable to others, than the engineers.

DINNER TO THE HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

Yesterday a public dinner was given at the city Hotel to the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, for his exertions in passing, during the last session of Congress the Copy-Right Law. A few minutes after six o'clock, upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to a dinner prepared by Mr. Jennings in his best style Judge Irving presiding, assisted by Messrs. Renwick, and Dunlap as Vice Presidents. Among the gentlemeh present, were many who staud high in the annals of our Literature, Arts and Sciences. The regular Toasts were eight in number, the fourth of which was the health of the distinguished guest, which was drank with acclamation | whereupon the Hon. Mr. Verplanck rose, and in a neat

Mournful Casualty! We announce, with deep sympathy in the affliction which the event visits on her fond parents, and in the hope that it will operate as a solemn warning to young persons—the fact, that Sarah, the interesting little daughter of Mr. John D. Gordan, aged about 4 years, was poisoned yesterday from eating *Yellow Jessamine Flowers.* The child, we learn, was in good health at the breakfast table, went out and came home an hour or two after, to breath her last in the arms of her parents, who are overwhelmed with grief by the sudden and heart rending event. *Norfolk Va. paper.*

and pointe speech, addressed the company. Many excellent volunteers were given, interspersed with song and story. Parry feeling and party politics were entirely forgotten and the evening passed in mirth and hilarity.—*N. Y. Mercantile.*

Nefarious Transaction.—We heard yesterday of a transaction very different from the usual character of the enterprising and hospitable inhabitants of Cape Cod. A pink stern schooner sailed from this port for Mount Desert just before the August or September gale, and was afterwards found adrift, and towed into one of the harbors on the Cape, and was identified as the one above mentioned. The schr. was owned in part by a citizen, who formerly resided at Mount Desert, and had married there.—On board was his wife and child, going to visit their relations; also, about $1500 worth of goods belonging to her husband, and about $800 in notes to be collected there. Few or none of these articles were recovered.

A short time since the mothers of two boys who were on board a mackerel catcher belonging to Harwich, commanded by Coleman Kelley, ascertained from them that the vessel had fallen in with the pink stern schooner, had fished out of the cabin the body of a female dressed in a black silk gown which Kelley stripped off, tore the rings from her fingers and ears, took her gold necklace, and then threw the body into the sea. A large quantity of clothing, &c. was fished out, and Kelley and crew divided the spoil and agreed to keep the transaction secret. These boys had $3 each and some clothing for their share, and their mother disclosed the affair because there had not been a fair division, or more probably for the sake of bringing the offenders to justice.

The subject being inquired into, one of the men made confession in order to turn State's evidence; and the parties were arrested. Kelley was bound over in $3000, to appear at the May term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Barnstable, and two of his men in $1000. K. is said to have absconded, and to have previously sent word to his wife to destroy certain *notes.* The citizen who was thus unfortunate, is now in Barnstable county, endeavoring to obtain what satisfaction the law may afford. Besides the distressing loss of his wife and child, the goods, notes and one fourth of the vessel comprised nearly all his property, and he was consequently rendered bankrupt. *Patriot.*

Gold—Extraordinary.—We have substantial foundation for the rumors of the last eight or ten days of the great original deposit of gold discovered in this country. The account almost exceeds belief, and surpasses any of the kind in the history of mining. The land on which the gold was found, about 18 or 20 miles east of this place was purchased two or three years ago by a Mr. Careltony from Virginia, for the purpose of mining, who, after spending his time and money for a year or two, relinquished the undertaking as unsuccessful. Lately, however, the work was pursued by others, which has eventuated in the discovery of this extraordinary rich deposit, on the 24 inst. The whole amount of gold obtained is variously stated to be from 75 to 120 pounds, but from the statement of a gentleman who was called upon to make a probable estimate of the weight and value, it is supposed there is at least *one hundred pounds of gold,* all obtained in *one* day. The gold was found in a small space, two or three feet below the surface, in grains and masses weighing from ounces and pounds, to pieces of *five, seven, and eight pounds!* There was no vein discovered, or sign of any, but the laborers came suddenly upon the whole mass of gold, deposited as it were in a nest, and imbedded in very red clay.

On pursuing the labor of digging during the past week, we understand that no more discoveries have been made—this rich deposit being entirely insulated, promising no continuance of development. The value of the gold, it is estimated, will not come under $20,000, after being separated from all extraneous substances.—*Charlotte Journal.*

MONTREAL, April 23 The account mentioned in our last, relative to the loss of the Waterloo has been confirmed by further details, which have since reached us. Early in the morning of Monday she was struck by heavy fields of ice, which had apparently become detached from the banks of the river some distance above; the great force with which these drifted down upon her soon caused a leak, and by the afternoon she sunk, it is said, in sixty feet water. Nothing of her cargo is saved and the passengers escaped with some difficulty, by taking refuge on the ice and floating with it until they obtained assistance from shore. No letters had been received yesterday from the captain, from whom minute particulars are expected.

Our Qdebec correspondent, in a letter of Wednesday afternoon, states that one of the boats belonging to the Waterloo passed with the Chaudiere ice In the fore part of that day; and that accounts had been received from tolerable authority that the Lady of the Lake was on the rocks at St. Nicholas, above the Chaudiere.

Albany, April 27.

Canal Arrivals. We have been compelled, for a few days past, to suspend the publication of the arrival and departure of canal boats. They shall be attended to hereafter. The arrivals for the last two days, number *eighty-four,* heavily laden, with flower, provisions, whiskey, wheat, &c., and fifty boats have cleared, laden with merchandize, furniture, &c.—*Dai. Adv.*

☞ At a meeting of the Committee of young men, held last evening at Fenno's Coffee House, Wm. F. Otis Esq. was unanimously chosen to deliver the Oration on the 4th of July next, and consented to become their Orator.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening at the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Willey, Mr. Dennis O'Brien to Miss Hannah Pease, both of this city.

In Charlestown, Mr. Harvey G. Davis to Miss Mary H. Brazer.

In Watertown, by the Rev. Convers Francis, Mr. Theodore Chase, merchant, of New York, to Miss Clarissa Andrews Bigelow, eldest daughter of Tyler Bigelow, Esq. of W.

In Lynn, Mr. James Buffum, to Miss Ruth, daughter of Dr. John Lummus.

In Salem, Mr. Daniel Hall, Jr. to Miss Rhoda Ann Dame.

In Beverly, Mr. Samuel B. Perkins, of Lynnfield, to Miss Nancy Dennis.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 17th inst. Charles Henry, youngest son of Willard and Lucy Messer, aged 4 months.

At South Boston, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Capt. Daniel Tisdale, aged 30.

In Salem, Miss Harriet Towne, aged 27.

In Salem, Mr. Francis Coffin Codman, son of the late Wm. Codman Esq. of N. York—aged 31.

In Lowell, Mrs. Sally Brown, aged 38; Mrs. Betsey Newhall, aged 50.

In Newburyport, Miss Hannah Bradbury, aged 80; Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel March, aged 18; Mr. Hazen Little, 73.

In Newbury, Mr. Abiel Rogers.

In Bristol, on Monday, Hon. John Howland, aged 69. He was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Bristol County, and President of the Town Council.

In New Bedford, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Charles L. Read, aged 32.

In Fairfield, Me. Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. George Ellis, and eldest daughter of the late Hon. Nathl. Freeman, of Sandwich, aged 63.

In New-London, Mr. Charles Bolles, aged 29; of an apoplectic fit, Capt. John Way, aged 93. It is remarkable that he never had a day of sickness during his extreme long life.

At New-York, on Sunday morning last, Dr. Benjamin Bowen Carter, eldest son of the late John Carter, Esq. of Providence, aged 60.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BOSTON

SATURDAY, April 30.

CLEARED.

Ship Two-Brothers, Carvill, N. Bedford.

Schrs. Dash, Freeman, St. Pierre, Miquelon; Eliza, (Br) Fields, St. John, N. B; President Jackson, Shute, Belfast; Sidney, Soule, Hallowell; Rambler, Tuckerman, Portsmouth; Maine, Conley, Brunswick.

Schrs. Post-Boy, Henry, St. John, N. B; Success, Patten Bangor.

Sloop Experiment, Hayden, Nantucket.

Sloops Polly, Lewis, Bangor; Jasper, Scudder, N. London.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—3 P. M.

The sch. reported ashore on Long Island, is the New-Hazard from Hancock, Me for New Bedford. She drove through Broad Sound on Friday morning, and anchored near Long Island—parted her anchors at 11 A. M. and was thrown on her beams—lost deck-load of lumber, and was obliged to cut away her masts, when she righted and went ashore on the west side of the island. She floated off this morning, and the captain came up in the pilot boat for assistance.

By the Evening Mail.

New York. April 29—Cleared, Brig Exchange, Dupre, London; Mansoit, Gibson, Cowes; Ship Oceana, Leslie New Orleans.

Below, brig Atlantic, Smith, from Aberdeen.

Philadelphia. April 29.—Arr brig Maria Louisa, Baltimore; below, ship Philadelphia, Ames, from Palmero and Gibraltar; Alcyone, Byram, New Orleans 9th, Balize 10th inst. Spoke off the Double Headed Shot Keys, brig Abigail, fm Boston for New Orleans.

Richmond, April 25.—Cleared, schrs Clara Fisbe Austin, Barbadoes; above Harrison's bar, at anchor, ship Sarah Harding and Julian.

Charleston, April 21.—Arr. Br. ship Tamerlane, Miller, from Greenock; left ship Roger Stewart, Keer, and Frances Peck, N York; brigs Romulus, Hunt, Cowes, and a market Brutus, Keller, Liverpool; schr Rising-States, Key West; sailed brigs Scion, Rogers, West Indies Cashier, Stetson, Boston.

Savannah April 20. Arr. ship Arkwright, Birmo, fm Aberdeen; cl'd sch'r Tremont, Davis, Havana.

TREMONT THEATRE.

Mr. Scott's Benefit.

First Night of the New Melo Drama, written by a gentleman of Boston, called

RONDINO, *Or, the Captive's Return.*

First time in this Theatre, the Grand Melo Drama of

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

Mr J. R. Scott, most respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that his Benefit will take place

ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 2d, 1831,

When will be presented, the New Melo Drama, of

Rondino, or Captive's Return

Antonio,	Mr. Scott.
Rondino,	Mr. Pearson.
Claudio,	Mr. Smith.
Metz,	Mr. Andrews.
Malone,	Mr. Johnson.
Estella,	Mrs. Smith.

After which an OLIO, consisting of Songs, &c.

Song,—"*Even as the Sun,*" in imitation of Miss Kelly, by Mr. Johnson; first time.

Recitation,—"*Bucks have at ye all,*" by Mr. Smith.

A Favourite Song, by Mr. Howard.

Song,—"*Jolly Yankee Jackets of Blue,*" by Mr. Andrews.

Song,—"*The Fireman,*" (by request) Mr. Finn.

THE BOSTON BAND,

James Kendall leader, have politely volunteered, and will perform from the Stage several select prices,

To conclude with the Grand Nautical Drama, called

Black Eyed Susan.

William,	Mr. Scott.
Capt. Crosstree,	Mr. Smith.
Gnathbrain,	Mr. Andrews.
Peter, with the song of Black Ey'd Susan,	Mr. Howard.
Susan,	Mrs. Russell
Dolly Mayflower,	Miss Eberle.

During the remainder of the Season the Curtain will rise at half past 7 o'clock.

To be let, the Federal St. Theatre, apply to R. Russell.

J. R. SCOTT, most respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that his Benefit will take place on MONDAY EVENING, May 2, 1831, on which occasion will be performed a New Melo Drama, (written by a gentleman of Boston) called

RONDINO, *Or the Captive's Return.*

The principal characters by Messrs. Pearson, Scott, Smith, Andrews and Johnson. After which,

Song,—"*Even as the Sun,*"—in imitation of Miss Kelly, (first time and by request,)—..... Mr. Johnson.

Recitation, "Bucks have at ye all," ..... Mr. Smith.

A Favorite Song, ... Mr. Howard.

Song,—"Jolly Yankee Jackets of Blue," Mr. Andrews.

To conclude with the Nautical Melo Drama of

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

William, ... Mr. Scott. | Susan, ... Mrs. Russell.

april 29.

Finn's Benefit,

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 4.

When will be presented the popular piece of

THE TWO THOMPSONS!

After which an interesting Melo-Drama, 1st time in America, called

THE TWO PRISONERS!!

Concluding with the favourite Farce of the Master's Rival, or

THE TWO SHACKS!!!

In the course of the evening,

TWO POPULAR SONGS!!!!

And he hopes the chances will be in his favor, EIGHT TO TWO TOO.

MESSRS. PENCI & PETIT respectfully inform the inhabitants of Boston and its vicinity, that at the request of their pupils, and their numerous friends, they will give an exhibition in Fencing, Broad-Sword and Quarter-Staff, on which occasion they will be assisted by several of their pupils and the amateurs of this city.

The exhibition will take place at Julien Hall corner of Congress and Milk-st. on Saturday 7th of May, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Price of admission, for ladies and gentlemen 50 cts—Tickets to be had of the Exchange Coffee House, Fenno's Coffee House and at the door of the Hall, and at Dr. White's Milk-st.

M. Penci takes this opportunity to thank his friends for the kind patronage he has received during his residence in Boston. April 30.

CORINTHIAN HALL GALLERY of Ancient Historical Paintings, being appropriately fitted up, will open on Tuesday, the 26th of April, with a splendid collection of *Italian, Spanish, Flemish, French and Dutch* PAINTINGS, of the chief masters of the old schools: Veronese, Guido, Carlo, Dolce, Tintoretto, Rubens, Le Brun, Ruysdael, Backhuysen, Velasquez &c. &c. lately from the Milanese and other European Galleries.

☞ Admittance 25 cents—Children half price. Open from 10 o'clock, A. M. to sunset. Entrance to the Gallery, north west corner of Federal street. april 24.

SILK HALF HOSE. One case containing Black, White, Striped and Random Silk half Hose, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington-st. april 28.

EXHIBITION OF STATUARY.

THE Exhibition of the Marble Group of Chanting Cherubs, disigned and executed by Mr Horatio Greenough, will be opened to the public on Monday, the 8th April, and continue open every day (Sunday excepted) until the 1st June, from the hours of 10 A. M. to 2 P. M.; from 3 P. M., to 6 P. M., and from 8 to 10 *in the Evening.*

Entrance at No. 4, Summer St. 2d door from Washington street.

Season Tickets 50 cents, single Admittances 25 cts, may be obtained at the door, up stairs. april 17th.

epistf.

EXHIBITION of Fancy Glass Working, in Miniature, from London!! At 252 Washington-street, near Avon-Place.

Mr. FINN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Boston, that he will exhibit, for a short time, his curious and interesting Art of FANCY GLASS WORKING, which has been so universally admired in the different cities which the advertiser has visited. The process of Modeling Figures and Animals from the glass, in a state of Fusion is so wondefully curious, as to strike the beholder with astonishment—and must be witnessed, to decide on its merits, as no description can convey an adequate idea of the pleasure it affords.

The variety of Ornaments of Colored Glass and Enamel, made in prescence of the company, are for sale, and form rare and curious specimens of Art well adapted as presents for relatives, or a fair friend.

Admission, 25 cts. Children under 12 years half price.

☞ Open from 11 to 2, and from 4 till 9 at Night.

march 16 2m

GYMNASTIC EXERCISE.

JUDSON has re-opened his Sparring School, at his former Room, No. 41, Washington-street, ten doors north of Court-street. april 3

LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS and SCULPTORS—By Allan Cunningham, in three volumes, being Nos. XVII, XVIII and XIX of the Family Library—Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos 18 and 20 Cornhill. april 29

FENCING ACADEMY.

MESSRS. PENCI & PETIT,

No. 61, Washington-street, up stairs.

Instruction in the BROAD SWORD, SMALL SWORD, and QUARTER STAFF.

march 25 1sif

WOODEN LETTER,

Of every description,

FROM SIX TO THIRTY LINE PICA,

Furnished to order on the most reasonable terms,

At No. 36 Congress, corner of Lindall-st.

april 1

Opinions of the Press.

MR. WALSH.

It will be recollected by those who have had access to the Philadelphia National Gazette, that its Editor, Mr. Robert Walsh, Jr. lent for a season his editorial commendation of Gen. Jackson, and his administration, much to the annoyance of that homogeneous fraternity who have long claimed all the learning, talent, gentility, and wealth of the country; or as Mr. Noah facetiously designates them, the silk-stocking and ruffle shirt party. "Being all things by turn and nothing long," it was thought a mere erratic indulgence quite in character, that would in all probability with the next moon, assume another phase. There was, however, in this more of calculation than caprice—he had a son that he wished to enter in the school of diplomacy under the pupilage of Mr. M'Lean, and to effect this object, he thought it expedient to display some of his powers in diplomacy—cetera desunt. After this he soon made it convenient to strike his Jackson flag, and up went the banner of the "American System," with a blank space to be filled up with the Bank of the United States, as soon as the *preliminaries* could be settled. Since this, his war on the President has been malignant and incessant. With a view to aid the appreciation of the "oracular sayings and doings" of this aforesaid Mr. Robert Walsh, Jr. we will give a very brief sketch of his character, "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." He is the most extraordinary compound of learning, vanity, malignity, sycophancy, tergiversation and jesuitism that our infant country has ever produced. They stand upon the canvass in bold relief, drawn by his own hand, and given to the public par excellence. Learning, he undeniably has—the advantages of early education, aided by close and constant application, have given him a large fund of acquired information, which he hides not under a bushel. Vanity he has of the most fulsome character, making on all occasions his own dictum and opinions the test of truth and the standard of infallibility—treating all adversaries with an insolent superiority and their opinions as gross heresies. Malignity is a legacy of his birth, and his peculiar education has matured it into all that is odious—he stands recorded in books, pamphlets, and papers for its most latitudinous indulgence. Sycophancy has not a more supple slave in its vast dominion—power, rank and wealth receive his most servile tribute—couple them with meanness, folly and insolence, and he is not less their obsequious tool. Tergiversation is deeply and indelibly stamped upon his character, and for the verity of the assertion, look through all the past where his pen can be traced, and he will be found advancing opinions one day, and denying them the next; contending for measures at one time and abjuring them at another; applauding men at one period, and anathematizing them in the next breath, and all this with a recklessness, as if he gloried in the capricious mutation. *Jesuitism* is the darling attribute of his character—*he came from nature's hand bearing the impress of this frail and faithless creed—and in their schools has he drank deeply of their pestilential waters.*—His acts on the great theatre of life, have been like so many exhalations from that *putrid pool*; and if they have not had their victims, it is not because they were innoxious, but because their poison was neutralized by the healthful atmosphere that surrounds society. And yet this is the man who would dictate to us our politics, morals and religion—who would write down our patriots and write up our traitors. From all such we invoke our deliverance, as from evil.—*Wash. Globe.*

Miscellanies.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Scene 1.—*The Strand. Editor's Public Room.*

Editor, solus. Half past nine o'clock and the post not yet come in! Really, we must not think of venturing to press with our present scanty show of advertisements; it is as bad as launching into life, like the late Mr. Perry, with eighteen-pence, a wife and three children. I know not how it is, but our front columns seem visited with absolute sterility. In most cases advertisements have a tendency to self-multiplication; one, it is said, brings another as surely as the first of the month announces a dull article in the Evangelical Magazine; but in our case they are like mules, incapable of propagating their kind. As if this were not sufficient vexation, the office is thronged from morning 'till night with visitors. First comes a retail trader in accidents with a few small pedlar wares, such as a "calamitous fire," a "daring burglary," or a "diabolical murder;" then a reporter to the Law Courts, superior certainly in intelligence to his predecessor, but who might nevertheless be shot into the Thames without subjecting himself to a penalty for setting it on fire: then some hungry member of the Opposition in whose beseeching countenance may be read in large characters, "Wanted: a Place;" then some pamphleteer, critic, or novelist, lean and irritable enough for an epic poet; and lastly, by way of wind-up, some extensive Hibernian adventurer, who in the extremity of impudence and desperation has advertised for a loan—a wife—an agency—or a clerkship, and referred for particulars to this office. My room-door meanwhile is eternally on the swing, an illustration of perpetual motion. It was once intended to shut, but this operation, like the Egyptian process of embalming, has long since fallen into disuse. (*Enter* Office-Boy *with letters, &c.*) Oh, here comes the post. Pray heaven it sends us good news! (Editor *opens a letter and reads.*) "Milsom-street, Bath, July 31st: Sir, be pleased to insert the inclosed advertisements in your paper of to-morrow and apply for payment to Messrs. Barker and Co. Fleet-street, who are duly authorized to settle with you. Your humble servant, Samuel Nosebag, auctioneer and appraiser." A very eloquent epistle. The subject and the style are in beautiful accordance with each other. Junius himself never wrote more to the point. (*Opens another letter and reads.*) "Bolton, July 28: Mr. Editor, Sir, we are all in commotion here, for His Grace the Duke of Wellington has just arrived at the Cock and Tooth-pick. His Grace looks remarkably well, and is dressed in pepper-and-salt trowsers rather out at the knees; blue frock-coat with a small hole in the elbow; shoes, gaiters, and a black military travelling-cap. Immediately on alighting, he rang the bell for the waiter, and with singular affability called for a glass of brandy and water, cold and without sugar. I have only just time to add that the town bells are all ringing, that a vast crowd is collected, and that the mayor and corporation are hastening in procession with a congratulatory address to His Grace. It is evident from this that some change in the ministry is at hand. P. S. Four o'clock. The post is just going out and barely gives me time to add that we are all mistaken in our conjectures. The strange visitor is no duke but a French conjuror, who has but this moment advertised his intention of swallowing a bolster and standing with his heels upwards on a punch-bowl. The mayor is in fits at the mistake, and the corporation have some thoughts of inserting the stranger gent. in the stocks, by way of satisfaction for their disappointment. Should I hear further on this important subject I will not fail to let you know. *Aristides.*" (*Opens a third letter and reads.*) "Mister Edditur, Zur. Yourself and your house and all as is in it will be blowed up this here night. Swing." Concise, and gentlemanlike, and singularly grammatical. But 'egad, I have no time for complimenting.

Enter Mr. O'FLAM, *an Irish Reporter.*

O'Flam. Have I the honor to address the Editor?

Editor. Excuse me, Sir, but I am very busy just at—

O'Flam. Exactly so. I will not detain you a moment. My name, Sir, is Dennis O'Flam—they call me Dionysius for short—and I have but lately arrived in London, where being desirous of bettering my condition, I have—excuse my abruptness—advertised for a wife in your estimable journal. Matrimony, they say, is a cold bath, but perhaps I may find it less chilly than I had expected.

Editor. Oh! never fear; you will be soon enough in hot water. Under what signature did you advertise?

O'Flam. Hercules Broadset, and moreover requested the favour of an interview with whomsoever should answer the advertisement, in a private room at the office, which your clerk, in consideration of one or two reports which I had furnished *gratis* for the paper, was considerate enough to offer me.

Editor. Hercules Broadset! a very attractive compound.

O'Flam. Attractive, Sir! 'tis resistless. Consider what a fine athletic fellow Hercules was—a hero with the lungs of a lion, and the shoulders of an elephant, who by dint of more muscle actually strangled a man with three heads! Ah, Sir, times are changed since then. So far from meeting a man with three heads now a days, if you meet three men with one head between them, 'tis as much as you can expect.

Editor. Have you received any replies to your advertisement?

O'Flam. Dozens, Sir. But have modestly contented myself with two, "a pensive virgin" and "a disconsolate widow." An instinctive benevolence inclines me to the unfortunate, and accordingly I have appointed to meet them here this day, one at two o'clock, and the other at the half hour. Till then, adieu! *Exit O'Flam.*

Enter JOB ALLWORK, *a Reporter of Accidents, &c.*

Job. Oh, Sir! such a fire!—quite a gem! Scampered off to give you the very first intelligence, and nearly broke my neck in ——

Editor. Halt, friend! that is the hangman's business.

Job. Don't mention it; you make me nervous.

Editor. To the point, Sir, if you please.

Job. Why you see, Sir, it appears that last night the apprentice of old Mr. Dobbs, pawnbroker in Newport street—who, I should premise, has got a trick of reading in bed—happened, strangely enough, to fall asleep over a volume of poems.

Editor. There is nothing strange in that; but proceed.

Job. While locked in the arms of Morpheus, the flame of the bed-candlestick, somehow or other, caught hold of the young man's red cotton night-cap; and after singeing him, like Mr. St. John Long, made all possible haste to communicate its ardour to the bed-curtains. Thus delicately situated, the bed-curtains could do no less than share their afflictions with the bed-post—the bed-post, like the good Samaritan, sympathized extemporaneously with the door-post—the door-post with the wall—and the wall with the staircase, until, in the fulness of time, the whole house, from top to bottom, was one broad blazing sheet of fire. The devouring element was a very alderman in appetite, and no epicure, for it swallowed indiscriminately every thing that came in its way. Just at this crisis, when the fire was in the midst of its meal, the apprentice and his master contrived to escape through the shop-window; but I grieve to add that Mrs. D., who, having supped rather heartily off fried tripe, was suffering under a visitation of the nightmare, rushed out just in time to be knocked down by the three brass balls, which abolished her in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Editor. Was there much of a crowd?

Job. Yes, and very select. But I have written down all the particulars.

Editor. Good; and what remuneration do you expect?

Job. Why, Sir, the fire is far above the usual run of such entertainments, both as regards the style and brilliancy of its execution. The death alone is worth a guinea. However, as I hope to supply you with many more such contingencies, you shall have it at half-price.

Editor. Good; and before you go, allow me, my dear Sir, in the most unqualified spirit of esteem, to venture upon one suggestion. You cannot conceive what a favour you would be conferring on our establishment, in these monotonous times, if you would just try your hand at a burglary. You have an excellent capacity, are not without ambition, and may, I think, with a little industry, cut a figure in the newspapers. The Old Bailey is a glorious arena for aspiring genius.

Job. You are pleased to be facetious, Sir.

Editor. Facetious, my good fellow! I never was more serious in my life. There is a certain something in your voice, look, and manner, that tells me you are born to rise in the world. It is a thousand pities that you should thwart the natural bent of your genius.

Job. Enough, Sir,—I understand your hint, and depend on it you shall hear further on the subject. There is such a thing as law, Sir.

Editor. I know there is; you had seven years of it yourself at Botany Bay.

Job. How?

Editor. Surely you do not forget the little *erratum* you made with regard to a gentleman's snuff-box, some years since, in the Strand?

Job. This is positively beyond endurance.

Editor. So the gent. thought, and therefore prosecuted you at the Old Bailey. But come, my dear Mr. Allwork, do not let these trifling reminiscences disturb your equanimity. Flesh is frail, and the very best of us are but bankrupts, so far as morality is concerned. By-the-by, you have started a Sunday newspaper, I hear. Pray how has it been getting on of late?

Job. Very indifferently, until within the last week, when, in consequence of a libel which I had penned against a man of fashion, I was lucky enough to get a horsewhipping, which ——

Editor. Excuse my interruption, Mr. Allwork; but if, at any time, you should think such an advertisement would be likely to promote the interests of your journal, you may command my services to the utmost. I am never backward in obliging my friends.

Job. Really, Sir, you are very considerate; but I am not altogether without hopes of receiving another in time to give *eclat* to next Sunday's publication.

Editor. I sincerely trust you may not be disappointed. But, tell me, have you made any recent additions to your establishment? In other words, have you caught any fresh reporters?

Job. No, we have had a bad season of late. The agitation of the Union Question interferes sadly with these Irish exports. They are kept at Dublin for the home market. But enough of such matters for the present. I must now go and invent a burglary—a seduction or two—and a diabolical murder, or my Sunday readers will grumble bitterly at the dulness of my stock of intelligence. [*Exit Job Allwork.*

Enter a Member of Parliament.

Member. I have come, Mr. Editor, to pay a visit—

Editor. (*aside*). A manifest *erratum*. For visit, read visitation.—You wish to see the Editor? I am that unhappy man. Proceed, Sir, I am all attention.

Member. Without further preface, then, my name is Edwin Davendot, M. P. for the free and independent borough of Humbug. I made a speech last night in the House, on the Currency Question, which I flatter myself was characterized by its profundity.

Editor. (*aside*). No doubt: the chief characteristic of the bathos is its profundity.

Member. Under these circumstances, I naturally anticipated a liberal share of consideration from the morning papers. Judge then my horror to say nothing of my disgust, at finding myself thus cavalierly dismissed—"An hon. Member, whose name we could not learn, spoke a few words on the Currency Question." Now the object of my present visit is to request that you will do me the justice which your contemporaries have denied, by inserting this little abstract (*drawing an folio MS. sheets from his coat-pocket*) of my last night's speech in the columns of your inestimable journal. Ministers will be in agonies at the perusal, and you will have the satisfaction of possessing it exclusively.

Editor. (*aside.*) So I fear.—Really, Mr. Davendot, our columns at present are so full, that——

Member. You decline the honour?

Editor. Why, to tell you the truth, I—

Member. Aye, out with it, let me hear the truth, if only by way of novelty. Truth indeed! as if an editor ever knew what it was! Why, Sir, a duck takes to the water, a leech to a horsepond, an alderman to a turtle-feast, or a placeman to a sinecure, with infinitely less alacrity than an editor to a falsehood. But am I really to understand that you decline the insertion of my speech?

Editor. You have divined my intentions, Mr. Davendot, with admirable sagacity.

Member. Mighty fine, Sir, mighty fine. But let me assure you, Sir, with all that freedom of debate which is the glorious privilege of a British senator, that the honourable member for the free and independant Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity.

Editor.—Hear! hear!! hear!!!

Member.—Sir, I am a member of the British legislature as established by the glorious constitution of 1688, and I will bring the subject of your corrupt press before Parliament; I will expose its utter licentiousness, Sir, its bare-faced effrontery, Sir; its shameless neglect of public spirit, Sir; I will divide the house on the question, I will resolve it into a committee on the question, I will follow up the question, night after night—week after week—month after month—session after session—till the whole profligate, prejudiced and unprincipled press, whig—tory—liberal—or downright radical—finds too late that the honorable member for the free and independent Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity!—[*Exit; out of breath.*

Editor.—[*Solus.*]—What an unlucky dog I am! Bored hourly, by all parties, from a duke to a dustman. St. James's and St. Giles's have entered into a holy alliance to drive me frantic. I was miserable enough when married, but no sooner did I get rid of my wife, than fate, jealous of my felicity, sentenced me for life to a newspaper. Nor is this my sole affliction. The two proprietors are diametrically opposed to each other. One is an Ultra, the other a Liberal, yet despite the difference of their politics, they coalesce most lovingly in annoying me. Well, well, with all its vexations, there is nothing like a newspaper to inculcate a true knowledge of the world. It is there youth anticipates the experience of age, and enthusiasm finds its level; there the humbug of fashion—of trade—of literature—of the fine arts—of patriotism—of religion—of morality, stripped of its specious drapery, stands out in naked deformity; there and there alone, the novice learns early to discriminate between the true and false men and things, in nature and art. Not a column in a newspaper but points a sterling moral. The police reports expose the crimes—the reviews the follies—the advertisements the lucre-loving spirit of mankind. The parliamentary debates prove to what extent the dullness of the human mind can be carried when once it assumes the form of oratory. There are longer ears in St. Stephen's than I ever saw pricking up at the sight of a thistle! As regards the moral influence of the newspaper, never did prince or potentate wield such tremendous power? Tyranny is blasted at its voice; the march of armies is arrested at its bidding. It calls on freedom, she comes forth; it proclaims her advent to the world, and the regenerated world leaps up at the tidings.—What is the sword? The unwieldy weapon of Goliah. What the pen? The little stone of David. What the newspaper? The sling that drives the pebble home. And "so ends my catechism." *Dixi*—I have done.

[*To be Continued.*]

Foreign Intelligence.

LATE & IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ships Columbia and Caledonia, at New York, we have London dates to evening of March 31, and Liverpool to April1.

The news is important. Immediate hostilities were anticipated between France and Austria, and both French and English Funds, had consequently fallen. Belgium was in an unsettled state. Poland was still struggling gloriously for her National Independences, and most devoutely is is to be hoped, her struggles may save her from conquest and oppression. Great distress prevailed in Ireland. We annex as copious details as our limits admit.

A letter to the New York Journal of Commerce, dated London, March 31, says, "The announcement of the French loan of 300 millions, coupled with the account in the French Journals of Wednesday, or rather Tuesday night the 29th, detailing what had been previously hinted in general terms, that Marshal Maison had been instructed to demand of the Court of Vienna, as an *ultimatum*, that the Austrian troops should be immediately withdrawn from Bologna, and in case of refusal, to quit his post as Ambassador of the king of the French, and the consequent fall of the French funds (3 per cents, to 67¼) have produced a corresponding depression in the funds here to-day of one per cent. below the price at which they left off (77¼) last evening, as you were apprized by my communication of yesterday. There are also some other causes of alarm of a more domestic character, which tend to increase the agitation of the moment. Ireland is by no means in a satisfactory state.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

London, March 31.—We have received the Paris papers of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th Their contents appear to us of considerable importance. The tone of all is decidedly warlike. The entry of the Austrians into Bologna is no longer doubtful; but France is said to have addressed a letter to that Power upon the subject, the answer to which was anxiously looked for in Paris, as upon it hung the question of immediate hostilities, or an equivocal peace. The pacific professions of M. Casimer Perrier, it now appears have been adopted in the most liberal sense by Prince Metternich, and he acts upon the principle that France is really afraid, or unable to take a single step on her own or any other nation's defence. This want of candor and generosity has roused the choler of the irascible President of the Council, for he looks upon it as a sort of personal indignity; and coupled with some curious disclosures of plans of attack by Austria upon France, fostered long before the breaking out of the Italian insurrection, has decided him pon auddressing a peremptory note to the Austrian Cabinet, calling upon it categorically to state what its intentions are with respect to Italy. But before taking his final resolve, the President wished to feel the pulse of the English Ministry, and he has accordingly sent his son to England with a mission, it is said, of satisfying our Government, that if France should feel itself obliged to draw the sword, it would not be for purposes of territorial aggrandizement. A remark of the Minister in the Chamber of Deputies, "That France was prepared, at all events," together with some movements amongst Excelmans, Clausel, and some of the French generals, seem to strengthen the conviction that war is imminent. It will be seen that the Chamber of Peers propose to make some important alterations in the new electoral law by reducing the qualification of electors from 200 francs taxes to 150, that of Deputies from 500 to 400, and increasing the number of Deputies from 456 to 460.—The news from Poland is desultory and unimportant.

Paris, March 29.—*Private Correspondence.*—If I am rightly informed, there was a distinct and unequivocal declaration given last Sunday week by Count Appony, the Austrian Minister, to Gen. Sebastiani, and that explanation was represented to be given officially on the part of the Court of Vienna, that Austrian troops would only occupy the states of Parma and Modena, and not interfere with the Roman territory, unless attacked by the insurgents. On Friday evening a telegraphic despatch announced, that on the 20th, two brigades of Gen. Frimont's corps had entered Bologna. So little was this intelligence expected by the Court of France, that the few journals which are supposed to be under its control contradicted, both on Saturday and Sunday, the fact of the telegraphic communication, and the Messager des Chambres, which was the first to announce its arrival, on the following day declared it was "invited" to contradict its previous intelligence. Nevertheless, the news did reach the Palais Royal by telegraph from Lyons, Friday evening; it was transmitted to M. Casimer Perrier, to whom, all intelligence of this kind is directed to be transmitted the moment of its arrival. He summoned a council for 8 o'clock on the same evening. On the following morning Count Appony reiterated again to Gen. Sebastiani, that he had no information from his Court upon the matter. On Sunday evening another Council was held, and a despatch transmitted by a special courier to Vienna. Marshal Maison is instructed to require, that the Austrian troops will withdraw from the Roman States.—it is also stated, that he is to announce this instruction from this Court, not as a negotiable point, but as an *ultimatum*.

The entry of the Austrians into Bologna took place March 20. Casimer Perrier said in the Chamber of Deputies March 28, that he applied for a further grant of 1,200,000 francs, and announced that the Minister of the Finances would to-morrow require a grant of 100,000,000 francs, for the purposes of Government during the interval caused by the elections. The late occurrences in Italy called for attention. What had passed at Bologna would call for explanations that would elucidate the question of peace or war. The Government wished for peace or order, and still hoped for peace, but wished to be in a position to ensure it. Peace was not always at the command of those who desired it; but, to realize the wish, it was necessary at least to be prepared for every event, even for war. "We have," added the Hon. Deputy, "no concealed policy; we mean merely to take all possible precaution. Let France take courage, for the interests of her honor, her glory, and her safety, shall not be compromised. The Government becomes the more solid and effective the more liberally it is supplied with the defence of action."

On these statements of the French Minister, the Journal des Debats remarks that M. Perrier does not as did M. Lafitte, on a similar occasion, declare that "the probabilities incline rather to peace than war." Not less pacifically disposed than his predecessor in office, M. Perrier is, nevertheless, equally alive to the honor of France. I am inclined, therefore, to credit the rumor that there are other and more exciting causes for the alteration in his tone and manner than even the entrance of the Austrians into Bologna. The first step taken by the army of France beyond the bridge of Kehl would be the signal for insurrection through the entire of the *ci-devant* Rhenish provinces. Should she pass her Italian frontier, the whole of Savoy and Piedmont would rise and join her. Should war take place, it is in the latter quarter that the first blow will be struck. I know that not only is such an event deemed probable by the Savoyards and Piedmontese, but that they are with difficulty restrained from anticipating it.

Finances of France.—M. Humaun, Reporter, stated that the late Government was indebted 160,100,000 francs, consisting of the deficit, previous to 1815, of advances made to Spain, beyond the sum comprised in the Budget, and of the expenses beyond the estimates of 1830; to which were to be added the advances made for the relief of commerce, the re-imbursement made to the contractors of the Haytien Loan, and the advances made by the Treasury in the month of July, which carried the above sum to 252,155,158 fr. The amount of actual wants came to 290,000,000 fr. and the total amount of the wants of the State was 1,434,655,657. The resources of the Treasury did not exceed 1,223,000,000 fr. (hear, hear.) The Committee proposed to authorize for the year 1831 the collection of only 30 centimes, instead of 55, upon the principal of the land tax. This would produce 46,438,807 fr. It is also proposed to make a grant in rentes necessary to produce to the Treasury a supply of 50,000,000 fr. of capital. The Reporter then announced among the other annual expenses, that those of the King amounted for the last five months of 1830, to 9,000,000 francs, a communication that was received with marks of dissatisfaction. The Commission had consolidated in one and the same clause the project with regard to 3-12ths, and that relating to the extraordinary taxes. The impression made by this statement has been very gloomy.

When C. Perrier concluded his remarks in the Chamber of Deputies, he was surrounded by a group of Deputies. It is said that M. Mangnin, who was amongst the number, asked M. Perrier whether it was true that 30,000 men of the Confederation of the Rhine were now marching against Luxembourg.—The President of the Council, it is added, remarked that France was preparing to support under all circumstances, her pretensions either in the North or South.

POLAND.

London March 30.—The German papers received to the 23d inst. are of some interest, as testifying the further success of the Polish cause. The entry of the Polish army under Dwernicki, into the province of Podolia, is likely to produce a considerable increase of perplexity to the Russians. The Nobility and their dependants have arisen *en masse*, and assembled 15,000 cavalry, which force advanced to Kaminies, the capital, and disarmed a Russian Regiment of Infantry. The news of this event has, already, it is supposed, led to a retreat of the force under Gen. Krents.

The accounts direct from Warsaw are to the 21st inclusive. On the 17th, the Governor Krukowieska, accompanied by his staff, viewed the fortifications of the city, the barricades in the streets, the means of defence in the private houses, and the batteries on the other side of the river. Among other particulars, it appears that mines are made in several places, that many doors and windows are barricadoed, and walls are built across the streets, by which the city is divided into separate fortified quarters.

Letters from Zamore of the 14th, received at Warsaw, say that on the 11th, a Russian battallion was surrounded at Uchadie, and compelled to surrender; the prisoners had been brought to Zamore.

St. Petersburgh, March 12.—Our yesterday's Gazette says, "The Commander in Chief of the Army in the field, reports to his Majesty, under date of the 18th February. (March 3,) that since the battle of the 13th (25th,) nothing had occurred in the army. Notwithstanding the defeat of the rebels on that day, and the complete confusion of their army on the right bank of the Vistula, it has not been possible to reap all the advantages of the victory. The dangerous state of the ice in many parts of the Vistula, which has already begun to rise, render it impossible for our troops to pass the river till it is entirely clear. Meantime the Field Marshal has ordered Gen. Rosen, Commander of the 6th corps to clear the Wolwodship of Plock, from the parties of the insurgents, and to disarm the inhabitants.

A letter from the Polish frontiers, dated 17th inst. has the following information:—

The advanced guards of the Russian division arrived at Novgrod on the 17th.

The Polish Col. Zwolinski deserted to the enemy, and was followed by almost the entire of his battalion.

Warsaw, March 12. Gen. Dwernicki has got the appellation of *Cannon Provider*, because every moment he is bringing in some fresh piece that he has taken from the enemy. We have this moment learnt that his troops have passed the Bug at Kladmour and Horodlo. It is impossible to describe the joy and enthusiasm of the Volhynians on witnessing the arrival of their brethren the Poles.

From the Times.

"We have seen private letters from Warsaw dated the 14th inst. which speak in high terms of confidence and hope of the ultimate success of the Polish cause. The Russians have as yet been unable to cross the Vistula at any point near Warsaw, and the river had risen so much from the breaking of the ice, that there was little chance of a passage for some time. Meanwhile Gen. Diebitsch's army is suffering severely from a scarcity of provisions, the severity of the season, and the badness of the roads. It is even imagined that he will soon be obliged to retreat to the Russian frontiers. Should this happen, his situation would be extremely dangerous, and the war may be protracted for several campaigns. Some of the Polish commanders of corps have been extremely active and successful against the enemy. Gen. Dwernicki has dispersed the division of Gen. Kreutz. He left Warsaw with only four pieces of artillery, and he has now a Park of twenty guns captured from the enemy. Should Lithuania rise in the rear of the Russians, the whole force of the empire would not be sufficient to subdue the Polish nation. It is reported that the insurrectionary movements against the Russians have already begun at Volhynia and Podolia.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

London March 31. 2 P. M. One of our Brussels correspondents, alluding to the late disturbance, says, "The Orange plot has completely failed; and, I trust, never will be attempted again. It cannot succeed." The writer of this passage is so well informed upon all those subjects connected with Belgium, that we place implicit confidence in his opinion. We sincerely hope that some better mode of tranquilizing Belgium, than the restoration of the Prince of Orange, will now be attempted.—*London Courier.*

Brussels March 29.—The night passed off tranquilly. Order, but not confidence, is restored. Fresh tumults are spoken of for Good Friday. The Congress met this morning, but confined themselves to the business of electing their secretaries and officers. The Belgic Association meets again this night. It arrogates to itself the right of issuing proclamations. The overthrow of the government and the establishment of a Republic are talked of. De Potter is expected back. He, Gendebien, Van der Wyer, Tielmans, and Robaulx, are spoken of as Ministers. Several arrests have been made; amongst others, Gen. Nyplos. Van der Sniissen is ordered to proceed to Namur.

The subscribers to the Belgic Association become hourly more numerous. Corresponding committees are forming in the provinces.

The Independent of Brussels of the 27th inst contains the following in a postscript: "News has been brought by the Diligence, just arrived, that hostilities had commenced in the direction of Turnhout. Some batteries of artillery proceeded from Brussels this morning, for the purpose of reinforcing our troops Gen. Niellon has also returned to his post."

Antwerp, March 26.—Generals Beaulieu and Daillis arrived here yesterday, to take the military command of the divisions and the fortress.

Hague, March 27.—His Majesty by a decree of the 23d, has resolved that the infantry of the army in the field shall be divided into three divisions, each consisting of three brigades; the first to be commanded by Gen. Van Geen, the second by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and the third by Lieut. Gen. Meyer.

Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimer, Governor of Luxembourg for the King of Holland, has published two proclamations to the inhabitants. In the first, he announces a complete amnesty for all political acts, writings, notes, or opinions, and in the second he publishes the protocol of the Diet of Frankfort, containing the resolution to order 24,000 troops of the Confederation to be ready to re-establish the authority of the King of Holland as Grand Duke.

Various accounts from Amsterdam say that the proposed loan of 42 millions begins to be more and more approved of there.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Distress in Ireland. Lord Althorp gave notice in the Commons of his intention of moving "that his Majesty's Government be enabled to issue a certain amount of Exchequer bills, for the purpose of granting local and temporary relief to the poor of Ireland, on due security given."

The Liverpool Mercury of the 1st of April has the following: *Cotton Trade.*—The duty was last week taken off of printed cottons, and the effect of this excellent measure has been to cause a very extraordinary demand for the article.

Parliamentary Reform.—At the King's last levee, the Lord Chancellor presented to His Majesty a great number of petitions for reform. The reform bills were not yet taken up in Parliament. The petitions in favor were pouring in from all parts of the Kingdom. It was not expected that Parliament would be dissolved.

London, March 31.—*Six* 12 *o'clock.*—The letters from Paris received this morning threw the money market into considerable confusion, and have caused much general anxiety from their warlike tenor.

One o'clock.—The market remains at 76 3-4 7-8.

In the Foreign Market Russian stock has declined to 88 1-2 89 1-2.

Quarter past two. Consols are 77 1-8 1-4.

American Stocks, March 26. Three per cent 85 1-2;—Bank shares 26 30s to 27.

Paris, March, 29, 4 P. M. The tremendous fall that has taken place in the funds to-day, would fully justify a speculation on immediate war, but be assured a great portion of the decline has been caused by the operations of the speculators, who intend taking part in the bidding for the new loan. The Carlists also have thrown on the market a quantity of stock to increase the panic

The most deplorable distress reigns in all branches of trade. Innumerable bankruptcies are said to be on the point of being declared. One hundred and thirteen are already counted.

P. S. Bourse, 4 o'clock.—The funds have given way under the certainty of the new loan of 120 millions of francs and the report that the minister will demand this day, of the Chamber of Deputies, a grant of 1,200,000 francs for secret service money. There is no news stirring.

IMPROVED STEREOTYPE BLOCK. The subscriber having become propietor of the Patent Right recently taken out for the IMPROVED STEREOTYPE BLOCK is now ready to receive orders for the same on terms which he believes will be satisfactory to all persons engaged in the printing business.

This Block is unhesitatingly pronounced by all who have examined it, and witnessed its operation, to be far superior to any which has hitherto been offered to the public in this or any other country. It combines in a remarkable degree, simplicity of construction with rapidity of movement; is easily adjusted to the plate, and is less liable to get out of order than the Blocks in common use.

Besides these advantages, the cheapness of the improved Stereotype Block, it is believed, will command attention, while the rates of printing are of their present state. A list of prices is hereto subjoined, in which it will be observed a large discount is made from those of the Stereotype Block now for sale:—

8vo Blocks,	$18 per set.
12mo "	20 "
18mo "	24 "
24mo "	26 "

A further discount will be made to dealers in the article. Printers may examine the Improved Stereotype Block at the counting room of the subscriber, No. 25, Congress-street, corner of Lindall-street.

Boston, March 18 FREDERIC S. HILL.

☞ We take pleasure says the Commercial Gazette in endorsing the recommendations contained in the following paragraphs from two of the city newspapers of yesterday:

Stereotype Blocks. The present stereotype blocks furnished by Mr. Hill, of the Galaxy, are worthy the attention of every printer in the country who has occasion to use an article of this sort. They have already been introduced in the best establishments in this city, and the specimens sent abroad have increased the orders for a large additional number. The block is recommended for its simplicity of construction, its ease in management, its durability, and the reduced price at which it is sold.—*American Trav.*

Stereotype Blocks. Mr. F. S. Hill, of this city, is proprietor of a newly invented Stereotype Block, which promises to be of much convenience to the profession. The lips are moved by one regular operation, produced by the application of a key, adapted to all blocks in an office, of this patent. The plates are immovably fastened till it is expedient to remove them; and in ordinary cases, the operation of fastening or loosening the plates takes but a second's time, so little movement is necessary.—*N. E. Palladium.*

Useful Invention. We have seen and examined a very neat and beautiful invention recently patented by a mechanic of this city, and now the property of Mr. Hill of the Galaxy. It is an improved Stereotype Block, the mechanical construction of which is exceedingly simple, but which, nevertheless, works with great ease, accuracy, and expedition, and is not likely to be put out of order at the press. The movement of the lips which secure the plate to the block, is directed up and down as inclined plane operated on by a small key setting into the face of the block near the edge, and turning like a gimblet. The whole affair is exceedingly pretty and may be safely recommended to printers.—*Statesman.*

NECK STOCKS. An extensive assortment at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington-street. march 11

CRAVAT STIFFNERS, IN TWO PARTS, Just finished, some that are exceeding thin and light, for summer use. Having been a long time in preparing the cloth, (which is made of beautiful white horse hair,) my customers are now invited to examine them at 20 Tremont street. J. G. SHUTZ.

BOOK BINDERY REMOVED. WILLIAM ULMAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to the corner of Washington and Water streets, where he hopes for a share of patronage.

WEDDINGS, PARTIES, BALLS etc. Beautiful White Sticks manufactured of fine linens and linen cambrics, and made o wash, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington-street. m 11

FROM one or two hundred casks of DAY and MARTIN'S Genuine Blacking, constantly for sale, variously assorted, from 9 to 25 doz. in a cask, by their Agents, J. A. DICKSON, at the House Saloon, Nos. 24 and 25, Cornhill, formerly Market street. Price by the dozen, $1 12 per dozen small size, 2,24 middle do. and 4,50 large do.

A discount from these prices to those who purchase several casks.

N. B. It may be had by the single jug or dozen, on the door of the same building. nov 20.